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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE AND SLAVERY.

From The Baltimore American.

The following letter, from a special correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun*, will doubtless tend to relieve the apprehensions of vast numbers of the members of the Methodist Church in the slaveholding States. A gentleman of high standing in our city, and a leading member of our Church, addressed us a note, stating: "I wish you would copy from *The Sun* the letter from Buffalo, on the slavery question. I have seen one of the Delegates to the General Conference, who says that the letter is truthful and fair."

BUFFALO, June 2d, 1860.

As many of your readers are interested in the absorbing question of slavery, which has for the last month past occupied the attention of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session in this city, it may be interesting to examine the result of the agitation which has expressed itself in the report of the majority of the committee, and which has now superseded by its adoption much of the fundamental laws of Methodism upon this absorbing question.

Such an examination, I think, will be a source of congratulation to the friends of conservatism in the country, and show that the agitation—which at one time threatened to destroy the integrity of the Church and give an additional impulse to sectional fanaticism—has culminated in a more mild and temperate expression of doctrine than could have been hoped for by the most sanguine friends of Methodism.

The doctrines heretofore held by the Church upon the subject of slavery have been emphatically expressed in the Discipline, and, to a full understanding of the question as it now exists, it may be necessary to inquire what was the law of the Church upon that subject? On page 212 of the Discipline adopted over fifty years ago, we find the following rule as the law on the subject of slavery: In answer to the question, "What shall be done for the extirpation of slavery?" the Discipline says, "We declare we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery; therefore *no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church,*" &c. "When any travelling preacher becomes the owner of any slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute a legal emancipation of such slaves conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives." Again, on the same page, "All our preachers shall enforce on our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God, and allow them time to attend on public worship." Again, on page 79, we find that "no local preacher who is a slaveholder shall be eligible to the office of elder or deacon, where the laws of a State admit emancipation and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom."

It will be observed that the foregoing, which has been in substance much of the fundamental law of the Methodist Church upon the subject of slavery for the last half century, is very emphatic and explicit in its terms. It has been proposed from time to time to alter the rule of the Discipline in such a manner as to make "non-slaveholding a test of membership." As the agitation of the slavery question has grown on the political councils of the country, so it has been a constant and increasing source of annoyance to, and anxious consideration of, every succeeding General Conference up to the time of the assembling of the present body, when it was supposed that new and more stringent rules would be *added* to those already upon the *statute-book* of the Church, and intemperate counsels of extreme men would triumph over that conservatism which heretofore succeeded in maintaining the integrity of the body. We are happy to say that such anticipations have not been realized, and the gloomy foreshadowings of our friends in the South should be dissipated by the action of this Conference in the premises.

All the rules above referred to—and which certainly contain language which, if now for the first time presented for adoption, would be considered as harsh and offensive to a large portion of the Methodist community in slave territory—*have been stricken from the laws of the Church*, and this threatening agitation has culminated in the expression of a few generalities that ought not to be *obnoxious* to any portion of the membership in your latitude who have heretofore been acquainted with the doctrine and administration of the Discipline on that subject.

The report of the majority as adopted is as follows: "We believe that the buying, selling, holding or using of human beings as chattels is contrary to the laws of God and nature, inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that rule in the discipline which requires all who desire to remain among us to do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind." Subsequent to the adoption of the above, a resolution was passed declaring the foregoing as only "advisory" and "not bearing the force of law." In other words, the whole chapter of the Discipline upon the subject of slavery has *been stricken from the statutes* of the Church: and while it declares now in so many words that it has no law operating as such on its membership upon the subject of slavery, the Church gives such advice and admonition in the Discipline as it deems salutary upon this subject. Law has given place to "admonition," and such and no more is the result of this long and troublesome agitation. Fanaticism was exceedingly chagrined at the result of its labors; and while the great body of the Conference rejoiced in the happy termination of this mischievous and threatening agitation, the more extreme sentiment was that nothing had been done to satisfy their demands, and they would henceforth abandon the subject in disgust.

BORDER METHODIST.

RETURNING REASON.

From The New York Observer.

We notice that at the recent anniversaries of the great Religious Societies in London, Rev. Dr. Murray, of this country, was present as a delegate to the Bible and Tract Societies, from the sister Societies on this side the water. In his remarks before each of these Societies, he was interrupted, as might have been expected, by insulting allusions to American slavery. The interruption at the Bible meeting was promptly put down. At the Tract meeting, where he was twice thus insulted, the cries of "Slavery" elicited loud cheers, as well as hisses, from those disapproving. The venerable Dean of Carlisle, who followed Dr. Murray, forcibly rebuked the gross discourtesy, and was warmly sustained by the audience. We hail his remarks, and their reception by the greater part of the audience, as one of the evidences of returning reason on the part of our transatlantic brethren, and trust that this well-timed reproof of British pharisaism and intolerance may prove of lasting benefit. We quote the report of the London *Record* of May 9.

"The Dean of Carlisle, after alluding to Dr. Murray, said he must say he was sorry to hear an exclamation which was uttered just before in that hall while his brother was speaking (cheers). He (the Dean of Carlisle) bore a part of the heat and burden of the struggle which issued in the deliverance of his nation from the stain of slavery, and he rejoiced that his country had reaped the glorious fruits of the victory gained in that mighty conflict. But he thought that when Christian friends and brethren came over to them from America to confer with them on great subjects of Christian union and philanthropy, British Christians should remember what their Lord said, in the case of the woman taken in adultery: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone" (hear, hear). Let them remember that American slavery was the daughter of British slavery (hear, hear), and if, through God's great mercy, they had been enabled to wash their hands clean of that foul, murderous crime, they should always bear in mind that there were thousands and tens of thousands of Christian men and women in the United States who were as warm anti-slavery people as any persons in England, and who were doing all they could to bring about the abolition of slavery in their own country (cheers). He wished to throw the mantle of British courtesy and hospitality around Christian gentlemen who came from America: they ought not to be twitted with their country's faults (cheers)."

Correspondence of The New York Observer.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

GENTLEMEN: The representatives of America in our religious anniversaries are well received. You will see from the reports of the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the Religious Tract Society, that Dr. Murray—your "Kirwan"—commands attention and awakens the most fervent sympathy of his audience.

A kind of threatening letter was sent, I believe, to one of the Secretaries, that if Dr. Murray were allowed to speak, the Society would receive the denunciation of a class of men who, with the profession of exclusive fidelity to the cause of Negro Emancipation, never seem so much at home as in the attempt to destroy confidence in some zealous servant of Christ, or in crippling a religious Society distinguished for its extensive usefulness. I hope you will not be disturbed by the acts of such men. Their influence is small, and their folly will soon be manifest to all men. They really damage the cause of freedom, in which, notwithstanding the disgust caused by their virulence, we are deeply interested.

You will mark, I am sure, with pleasure, the tone of the Earl of Shaftesbury, both at the meeting of the Turkish Missions Aid Society and at the Bible Society. A long and desperate effort has been made to shake confidence in the American Board, and to prevent English aid for its operations in the East. To my mind such efforts seem like poisoning the wells in the desert.

BALTIMORE M. E. CONFERENCE.

The Baltimore Conference of the (Northern) Methodist Episcopal Church lately held its annual meeting at Winchester, Va., and unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we sincerely deplore the agitation of the slavery question, both in the Church and State, and earnestly hope and fervently pray that this discreditable and disastrous strife may speedily cease.

Resolved, That this Conference disclaims having the least sympathy with abolitionism. On the contrary, we are determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that makes non-slaveholding a condition of membership in the Church, and that we are opposed to any inquisition upon the motives underlying the relation of master and slave.

Resolved, That the subject of slavery should be committed exclusively to the jurisdiction of the respective Conference in which it may be found to exist.

Resolved, That no action of the General Conference can influence us to violate our principles and practices, as indicated in the foregoing declarations; but that we will stand by the rights and interests of our people to the last extremity.

Resolved, That our mission, as ministers of the New Testament, is to preach the Gospel of the Son of God both to master and to slave, and to devote ourselves wholly to our appropriate work of winning souls to Christ.

Resolved, That we solemnly remonstrate against the continual aggressive discussion of the slavery question in the newspapers and periodicals of the Church.

Resolved, That the publishing funds and establishments of the Church are common property, held in trust by the General Conference for our common and equal use.

Resolved, That any such use of our common publishing funds, newspapers, periodicals, &c., as precludes our people from the benefits of them, while they are in no false or illegitimate relation to the Union, but are faithful to its covenants, is an abuse of trust.

Selections.

IMPRISONMENT OF THADDEUS HYATT.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

At the Melodeon, Boston, Thursday evening, May 31.

Phonographic report by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

Mr. PHILLIPS, on coming forward to speak, was greeted with cheer upon cheer of spontaneous and most enthusiastic applause. When the tumult had somewhat subsided, he said:

I am afraid, ladies and gentlemen, you have made the speech, for I certainly have nothing to offer worthy of such a welcome. What can I say, when JOHN KNOX, [Rev. Dr. CHEEVER preceded Mr. PHILLIPS] has spoken? (Applause.) Whatever he may do, God grant Scotland may melt in his hand! I could not find it in my lips to gainsay any principle by which he can make his diocese include the Carolinas. Let him thunder in God's name against every system of wickedness all over the land. I will only bid him God-speed!

But we come here to-night for a great constitutional principle, impersonated in one man. The Senate has stretched out its hands for some dozen individuals—given them the most winning and flattering invitation to visit Washington, at the expense of the government (laughter). There was our friend who has just addressed you [FRANK B. SANBORN, Esq.]—Senator Mason beckoned to him most lovingly. It was the old ditty of the nursery—

> "Come into my parlor,
> Said the spider to the fly,
> 'Tis the prettiest little parlor
> That ever you did spy"—

but, singularly enough, our friend would not go. Mr. Hyatt saw his duty differently. It takes all sorts of men to make a world. He thought he saw a great principle at stake between the nation and the individual—thought the time had come, the hour, when another stone was to be laid in the temple of individual liberty. He took time, but at last he went to Washington. He wanted to arm himself with argument; and, like the monster that Hercules attacked, he wanted first to touch Mother Earth, and be strengthened. Where did he come? Thank God for so much credit to the old city, he came and hid himself under the laws of our Commonwealth, and called on that noble descendant of three judges, who stood on this platform to-night, SAMUEL E. SEWALL (applause), and that other favorite of the State, JOHN A. ANDREW, (renewed applause), to fill his hands with argument for the Senate of the United States; then he went to Washington. Some men say he was a fool to go. Well, that is the meed that such men usually earn. Hume thanks the Puritans for saving the liberty of England; while of the Puritans, or of their brothers, the Covenanters, it was said,

> "They bought, stern rushing upon Clavers' spears,
> The freedom and the scorn of after years."

This is the penalty which all such men pay for saving races. They are the dead lumber, the scaffolding; when the building is finished, thrown aside, unsightly, gotten out of the way, or making the path over which triumphant posterity walks to the enjoyment of its victory. But your duty and mine is to see, behind the man, the principle. It rests wholly on our shoulders. One of my predecessors on this platform said the Republicans had meanly sneaked off from the post. What could they do better? An empty bag cannot stand on end! (Laughter and applause.) Do not ask them for bricks—they have no straw, nor hay either! (Renewed merriment.) They are engaged on the Territories—far off; they are looking to the election, and to see whether the national anthem shall run "tweedle-dum" or "tweedle-dee" (laughter). They cannot defend us, they cannot help us, and you ask too much when you expect it. Lament it as much as you please. It is very hard measure when we see our idols all clay, breaking to pieces before our eyes; but it is God's lesson, and we are to learn it. William H. Seward saw the bauble of the Presidency glittering before him, and when Thaddeus Hyatt, representing constitutional liberty at the bar of the Senate, sat there, turned his back on him, and went out of the door (cries of "Shame," "shame"). He paid that price for the ghost of a chance of a nomination. Ought we not, after a fair view of the real interest of men and the times, to thank God that he was cheated out of it? (Applause). Is it not better for the nation's health that such should be the result? He should have read the lesson of his time better—but the looker-on can always play the game better than he who holds the cards. His grandson will see the day when he would have thanked God a thousand times more to have heard such lips as those we have just listened to link his name with Hampden, with Cromwell, with Washington, with Hyatt, with John Brown (enthusiastic cheering), than drag it through the kennel of Polk, Buchanan and Pierce (applause and hisses). The Republicans, therefore, cannot help us. We stand in an hour when we are to make law, as all our past law has been made. We hitch along—we Saxons—with uneven wheels, gaining an inch at a time. Our Constitution is no stately temple, like a Frenchman's, harmonious, every part balanced and shapely, according to architectural rule. It is an old English mansion, full of gables and windows, entries that lead nowhere, and passages that no one can find his way out of. Mr. Hyatt is in one of them. It is a scanty foothold won by poor men from despotism, by snatching their opportunity; it is an armory of weapons, forged each for a special occasion; it is a record of struggles, every one of them consuming a century, eating up a generation; and leaving some hard-earned writ, with a barbarous name, like *habeas corpus*, as the trophy and result of ages of struggle. This is what our Constitution is; and we stand to-day just in this crisis of making a new precedent for liberty; and hereafter the name of Thaddeus Hyatt is to float down the stream of time linked with a new safeguard for individual rights (applause). Let me set before you my impression, and, in order to do it, let me read to you two resolutions that I want to offer to this meeting, to show what our idea of the true safeguard of individual liberty is:

Resolved, That the practice of legislative bodies to punish a citizen at their discretion for acts which they consider contempt of their authority—seeing that neither the offence nor the punishment is fixed by known laws, but depends largely on the discretion and passing mood of the Legislature—is one of the worst features of despotism, rests in reality on the principle of an *ex post facto* law, is utterly unjust as making one party not only judge in its own case, but executioner of its own sentence, and is therefore properly no part of the common and parliamentary law adopted in this country, being wholly repugnant to the principles of the United States and every State Constitution, as well as utterly subversive of the rights of the citizen; and, however sanctioned by custom or heedless submission, should be met always with determined resistance by every lover of liberty (applause).

Resolved, That when an individual disturbs the quiet of a legislative hall, or refuses to obey the order of a Legislature, the only power it has over him is to commit him to the executive to await punishment, like any other law breaker, and such individual is entitled to have his offence and his punishment described and fixed by settled and known laws, to trial before a jury, and to all the other safeguards that free institutions throw around the citizen, and that to admit any other power in a Legislature is to violate the cardinal principle of free government, by mixing the legislative and judicial and executive powers; is, in fact, to yield up sacred individual rights to party hate, personal caprice, or official discretion, which is but another name for despotism (applause).

I mean to be very short, for it is late, and the man whose words are bullets (JAMES REDPATH) is to come after me; but I wish to state my views of the hour in which we stand. I do not agree with Dr. Cheever that we have got a Constitution with a nose of wax. I believe that when four millions of people made the Constitution, they knew what they meant, that they wrote down what they meant, and that what those four million of people meant, and what twenty-five million of people acquiesce in to-day, is the law of the land. Dr. Cheever stands here to-night, and points us with terrible emphasis to the Senate's violation of the Constitution of the United States. Half an hour before, he had said he hoped that the day would come when the swarming millions of the North would take that instrument into their hands, and wrest it in behalf of liberty. That same principle justifies the Senate in wresting it to-day according to their ideas of right (applause). That sword has a double edge. If our Dr. Cheever may stand on the shifting sands of an equivocal Constitution, and lift it up to the level of his conscience, and call it law, John C. Calhoun may take his stand also on the same unmeaning document, and sink it to the level of his conscience and ideas of law (applause). I want no such double-jointed limp and wet brown-paper instrument as the ideal of my Constitution of the United States. The labors of three centuries did not culminate in such a cheat. The great principle of written and limited Constitutions—the land-mark on the ocean of the world's civil progress—is no such sand line, to be wiped out with every shifting wave. No; Sir John Eliot, the great prototype of Thaddeus Hyatt—the victim in a dungeon of Charles I. to similar illegal imprisonment with Thaddeus Hyatt, his legitimate child in the nineteenth century, endures to-day—the fruit of that martyr-death in an English jail, is no such cheat, no such bitter ashes on our lips. We have a Constitution. I am going to try to show you by it that the Senate of the United States are tyrants; and in order to do that, I must acknowledge that the Constitution has a fixed and definite meaning. My friend said of me, with kindly compliment, that he wished I could see eye to eye with him, and swell the torrent of his eloquent denunciation, until, echoed back by the Rocky Mountains, we could sweep the North, and pour it out, as in the days of the Crusades, on annihilated Carolina (loud applause). As far as mere wish goes, I wish so too. I would do anything to serve my country, but I would not tell a lie to save it (renewed cheering). What would he think—(pardon me a moment, if I am jealous of any criticism on this movement)—what would he think, if I went to the door of that Union Place Church, and said to him, "Show me your creed! Atonement—Trinity—Election—and all the time-honored symbols of orthodox theology." I sign it. Suppose I have imbibed the sentiments of our idolized and beloved friend, Theodore Parker (applause). But I sign it, nevertheless, and he turns to me and says, "What, you believe in the Trinity?" "Never!" "What, you a convert to Election?" "Not a bit of it!" "Why, then, is your name there?" "I want to get inside your Church in order to convert it; I want a pedestal upon which to stand; I want to say aye, when my soul says no, in order to get inside your defences, and fight to better advantage." My Bible says that once upon a time, in the records of far off ages, a certain one took a Divine Spirit to the loftiest pinnacle of the Temple, and said, "Fall down and worship, and I will give you the world for an inheritance." These ethics would have advised, "Fall down, and when you have got the world, kick the devil out of it the first thing you do, for he has no right there" (applause)—that is, supposing one who vaulted into a throne with such a double-dealing and Jesuit oath, would not be the most real and the tallest devil of the two. But my record reads that he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and angels came and ministered to him (applause); mightier in that moment than if, by the devil's permission, he had sat on the throne of the universe. And the same is true of reigning in the White House at Washington, or Pandemonium either; and I ought to have put Washington last, to save the climax (laughter and applause).

But we have a Constitution; we got it with a great struggle. What is the history of liberty? Government began in despotism and usurpation—began in the violence of the soldier and the trickery of the priest. By and by, after the king for centuries had said, "This is mine," and took it without paying for it; "That house is mine," and took it without compensation—there arose the middle class, the House of Commons, and said to royalty, "Thus far, and no farther. The king shall not have the right to put a man into jail because he says he has committed contempt." They girdled his authority. He stays whipped to-day. But the cunning House of Commons, the Legislature and the Courts, retain that very power; only they call it the power to commit for contempt. Thus we stand to-day. If I should owe Chief Justice Taney twenty-five dollars, he cannot touch a hair of my head until he gets the verdict of twelve men to say it; but if he asks me a question, and I refuse to answer, that same Constitution which puts a jury between him and me, on a question of twenty-five dollars—according to the Senate of the United States—and William H. Seward going out of the door (laughter)—says he may put me in jail for life. If I load my revolver, and shoot Chief Justice Taney to-night, I go free, unless twenty-three men indict, and twelve men say I am guilty; but if I refuse to answer any question he chooses to ask—and I have no right of appeal to know whether the question is a proper one—he may put me in jail for life, without warrant, evidence, trial, defence, or right of appeal. And that, according to your Republican, legal, recognized, submitted-to Constitution, is the law of the land! I don't believe it, and I believe that Providence gave us Thaddeus Hyatt to conquer this new safeguard of liberty. William H. Seward says that there is an "irrepressible conflict" betwixt Slavery and Freedom," and that one or the other must conquer. Our interest is to see to it, that if Slavery conquers, the fewest possible weapons be left in her hands. Give the slaveholder Archimedes the right to commit for contempt as the spot on which to plant his lever, and it will be easy work for him to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, and have the Chief Justice of Massachusetts to keep the check-list (applause). She only wants so much, and she can lasso the nation to her feet. She is trying the experiment. Tyranny never commences with a popular man. It doesn't take a Governor, with a State behind him. It gives Governor Wise a wide birth. It does not take a man with a party. The New York *Herald* gave column after column to show that William H. Seward knew something about John Brown. Tyranny would not begin with him—he was too high up on the ladder. Tyranny takes a hated man, a revolutionary man, an unpopular man, and grinds him up into a precedent, and, when it has smoothed its jaws with so much, finds space to swallow a Governor. That is what she is doing to-day. She is settling a precedent. She is saying to New York and to Boston, "I will summon the most factious, the most irrepressible of your lawyers, your merchants, your statesmen, whenever I please, at the dictation of a Chairman of a Committee; I will put him in jail without bail; I will break up his business; I will let him linger there for months, long enough to make it utterly impossible that, whatever be his profession, it shall go on, and thus I will bring the dreaded North to my feet." That is the precedent she is establishing to-day. What we need is to understand it. The vice of our age is, we have got too much brains (laughter). We are all brains—we run to seed in brains. Emerson says that "a Yankee has as much brains in his hand as a man of any other nation has in his skull"; but the difficulty is, that the Yankee has not got any hand. When Charles the First turned the scowl of his despotism on John Hampden, four thousand gentlemen of Buckinghamshire saddled their horses, leaped into their saddles, and went up to London to see what the king was going to do with John Hampden (applause). They probably had never listened to an argument on constitutional rights—their brains were smothered in the roast beef and October ale of Great Britain; but they had mighty ready fingers, and a very curious English disposition to see a fight, and they concluded it would be best to be "counted in," as they say out West, and be on hand. New York stays at home—discusses Mr. Hyatt—analyzes him—holds him up and looks at him, and one paper thinks he is a lunatic, another regrets that he is a martyr, and a third pronounces him a fool—and then they are perfectly satisfied! We must take the age as we have it; but I should have loved to see that sort of temper in the Empire State that would have shown its face in Washington, and, as our eloquent friend [Dr. Cheever] said, taken Hyatt back to New York, and discussed him in his presence (loud applause). I think if the Empire State had been, instead of in the Yankee humor of discussion, in the English humor of action, that it would have been a better phase of the public mind. But we have not got it, and we must be content to "hitch along," as I said, as we are able. But we stand in an hour that makes history and law. Those men in the Senate House, with the exception of our own oldest Senator, Mr. Sumner (applause), have not backs strong enough to carry this burden of liberty, and we must strengthen them. Let me read a few words from a letter received from Mr. Hyatt. He says:

"My work is ended. God has put me into this prison. I propose to remain here until he has work for me elsewhere. When that time comes, he will bring me out. The Senate itself will die, every man of them, before I tire out (loud applause). They cannot worry me out. I am in no hurry, so long as God is not. I guess he can wait as long as the Senate can. I think old Crittenden seemed to be a little hazy as to which authority, God's or a magistrate's, is greatest: but when he finds himself on the tines of that pitchfork down below, I fancy he will begin to understand that there may be a contumacy worse even than setting the authority of the United States at defiance" (laughter and applause).

That is the stuff out of which we carve constitutions; these are the men who are ground up into the seed of the Church.

This is a broader question than that merely of slavery. It is your question and mine. This cause is teaching us now, what it has taught us often, that every road leads to the end of the world; that you cannot touch the rights of the humblest without making the whole machinery of constitutional liberty tremble. Dr. Channing thanked the Abolitionists for saving him the right of free speech in the city of Boston. John Quincy Adams, on the floor of the United States House of Representatives (the last session, I think, in which he stood there), said, turning to the abolition petitioners, when their petition was at last received and discussed, "Thank God! I have lived to see the seal broken!" He saw that a right broader than that of the negro had been vindicated; and to-day, we stand here to make resistance to that which gives to the President a power which we refuse to the most guarded judiciary of the land. Erskine said that the whole end of government, the whole purpose of English liberty, the whole result of a thousand years of struggle and education, was to put twelve honest men in a box. He saw, and in the image represented, the great result of Constitutional liberty, which is, to put between the irresponsible power of the magistrate and the unprotected citizen, twelve men. All else of government is a nuisance. That is the culminating idea of Saxon liberty. Now the Senate, and our courts of justice, are claiming the right to stretch their hands over the jury-box, and drag the citizen to their feet. We are fighting to-day the great battle for the twelve men of Saxon history; we are contending for that Democratic supremacy which puts the common sense and the consciences of twelve men, promiscuously taken, betwixt power and the citizen—the very Gibraltar of government. The arguments which have been given us to-night by Dr. Cheever, Mr. Sanborn, and Mr. Sewall, on the principles of the Constitution, are only too trite to be repeated. Our fathers did not leave us unprotected. We fixed our gaze on the golden pavement of Wall street, and let slavery have the principles of the government to herself. To-day, we are called to lift our eyes upward, and see the shadow of Despotism creeping over the mirror of the future. If we are heedless, the children into whose cradles we look down to-day will have a fiercer battle to fight, a darker sky on which to look. Every father who values the peace of the generation which is to come after him, must man this Thermopylæ, fill this chasm of the Forum, into which this noblest Roman has flung himself for our example.

I know that this claim may seem like fanaticism—it is not; oh, no, we are speaking only of old and time-honored principles lying at the root of our national existence. We might use the glowing words of Strafford, before he fell: "We vindicate what? new things? No! our ancient, legal and vital liberties, by reënforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors, by setting *such a seal* upon them as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter enter on them."

So clear and ancient is our claim, that the weapons are all ready to our hands. I am a patent Democrat to-night. I am only speaking to you the words, in regard to this very doctrine, which Thomas Jefferson left on record in the third section of his Parliamentary Manual. I am only speaking to you the words which Judge Tucker, of Virginia, left on record in his Commentary on Blackstone, denying the authority of a legislature to commit for contempt. I am only, like a parrot, repeating the arguments of a man out of whose brain Jefferson and Tucker might have been cut, and he would not have missed them—Edward Livingston—the greatest Democrat that the ranks ever saw. When he drew up his "Code," he struck out of existence the right of Courts and Legislatures to commit for contempt. Nay, the genealogy of our doctrine goes back to the highest and proudest lights of English jurisprudence, for Blackstone himself, years ago, pronounced this whole doctrine of committal for contempt alien to the spirit of the Common Law. It has been foisted into our practice only because our huckstering fathers were willing to take two per cent. a month, and let the South have her way with their souls. Yes, it was only because Yankeedom was making money—like Mammon, in Milton's Paradise Lost, raking up gold, and satisfied, if it could make the heap high and massy, no matter what became of justice and right; and to-day—yes, to-day!—the only advice that the noblest and most Christian clergyman that stands in an American pulpit can give to you in the city of Boston, with Hyatt for a text, is that (with all respect be it said), with Yankee trick, you should cheat yourselves into victory! Old England put her hands into her pocket, took out twenty millions of pounds, and poured them out on the West Indies, saying, "Let me make a bridge with gold, if only the slave may walk over it to liberty!" But Yankee Sam Slick—her child—unwilling to part with a dollar, takes the Constitution, pores over it, until between the chinks of the equivocal language, or some doubtful phrase, he finds he can cheat Carolina out of her bargain, and stands before the world an abolitionist—without costing him a penny! (Laughter and cheers.) God grant that the slave may have liberty at any cost! Yes, meted out and trodden under foot, plundered and despoiled, herded with the beasts, even if our own Massachusetts goes down to be huckster and cheat—even at that cost, let the negro of the Carolinas stand up a free man in the sunlight of God's world! (Great cheering.) But would to God that he could take his place on the level of the nations without dragging down the sons of the Pilgrims to a deed that can admit neither of defence nor apology. I say, as an anti-slavery man, that I would rather admit, as I stand in the broad light, that John Adams and John Hancock committed a mistake—that, tried with a seven years' war, plundered and poor, timid of the future, lacking faith in God, they compromised with evil, and said, "Is it not a little thing? Let us find a refuge!" They sat down at their hearthstones—their commerce whitening every sea—Boston thrust away the timber of her wharves, and built them of granite—she widened the palaces of her merchant princes, filled them with ivory and marble, and grouted them with the blood of the slave; and God paid back the sin by sending emptiness into the hearts of her children, making her pulpits a refuge of every unclean beast, and her politics rottenness itself! (Enthusiastic cheering.)

No man ever touched pitch without being defiled, and the Yankee, with all his patents, has not yet found out the way to do it (laughter). Do you ask for the grandsire of South-Side Adams? He was bred and died on yonder hill, and your fathers went to look on his honored features as he lay in the cerements of the grave on the portico of the Hancock House in Beacon street. Do you want the predecessors of the Halletts and the Cushings, that make one wish for clean water to rinse his lips, when their names have once passed them? (Laughter.) John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, and the patriots of 1789, were their fathers, for they tried to cheat the devil, and he gave them back these monstrous births for children (loud applause). It could not be otherwise. God forbid that it ever should be! God forbid that under the great laws of his Providence, we could ever plant nettles and gather grapes! No; the fathers planted iniquity, and they reaped the whirlwind. The duty of their sons is not to endeavor to "skim and film the ulcerous place," but to open it to the sunlight of heaven; on their knees, at the feet of the victim race, the negro, to say, "Share our wealth; partake of these garners which your toil has filled; silk and velvet, the rich dye of Tyre and the fine web of Nile, halls of learning and mansions of luxury, are for you as well as for us; and let us feel, when you sit side by side with us, under *your* vine and fig-tree, which your own labor has planted, that at last America has a right to lift her unspotted and queenly brow in the sisterhood of nations, and ask the blessing of God!" (Loud applause.) Thaddeus Hyatt opens one door. What he asks of us is to help him. The use to be made of it is, to cut up by the roots this remnant of despotism, the doctrine of contempt. For one, I thank him for having awakened the nation to the doctrines of Livingston and Jefferson. For one, I thank him that I am not to hold my personal liberty at the beck of any Chief Justice or any Legislature. For one, I thank him for the text by which I can preach to an enlightened and awakened people the danger of leaving even one link of the chain of despotism. If we are to have the reign of irresponsible power, God give me a decent Bourbon!—give me an honest, however crazy, Guelph!—give me a responsible king, standing in the face of the nations, and responsible to them for his acts. Infinitely safer shall I feel myself than at the beck of forty foul Democrats, skulking from responsibility in the mob of the Senate-chamber! (Laughter and cheers.) That is the true symbol of power. When, in Europe, one man stretches out his irresponsible hand and crushes his fellow-man, they call him Nicholas, the Czar; they call him Napoleon, the perjured; and when he does it on the banks of the Potomac, they call him Mr. Chairman Mason, or Mr. Chief-Justice Taney. I like the old names of Napoleon and Nicholas. If the charter of bondage is to run at all, I would rather have it signed with a grand historic name than to take a starving county lawyer of Virginia, put him at the head of a Senate Committee, and give the free speech of New England into his hand (loud applause).

THE CHIVALRY OF KENTUCKY ILLUSTRATED.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

THE CASE OF JAMES WAGGONER.

ABOUT six months ago a colored man named Waggoner was carried across the river from this city and found his way into the Newport jail, as a fugitive from labor. About the same time two men were arrested and committed to the same jail, upon the charge of kidnapping Waggoner. When these men were brought up for trial no one appeared against them, and they were discharged. Waggoner remained in jail, however. No one claimed his service, but the law requires that he shall prove his freedom. This he has not done, and hence he is to be sold on Monday next to the highest bidder. If a man commits murder, or is arrested upon the charge of murder, the State is required to prove him guilty, failing in which the prisoner is set at liberty; but if a negro is charged with the crime of being a slave he is required to prove that he is a freeman, failing in which he is sold at auction, and consigned to slavery for life! Waggoner, it appears, has worked in this city. His parents reside in Bantam, Clermont County, Ohio. They have visited him, and recognized him as their son. But, being black, their testimony is worthless. To prevent the sale, the right of Waggoner to freedom must be established by the evidence of white citizens; and, even then, it will require two or three hundred dollars to get him out of the net that the avaricious officials of Kentucky have thrown around him. It is hardly possible that the citizens of Kentucky will countenance this impending outrage; but, however this may be, the friends of humanity should see that Waggoner does not lose his freedom, if two or three hundred dollars will save him from the auction block.

THE CONSUMMATION.

James Waggoner has been sold into slavery, with what attendant circumstances of disregard to law, unfairness and cheating generally, a full account in our local columns will show. If any of our readers can read that account and be unmoved to anger and detestation, he possesses a temperament which nothing could excite. Here is a free man, a man born of parents legally freed and residing as free in Ohio, kidnapped, kept in jail six months, and finally sold for jail fees, while his kidnappers were allowed to escape. Of the disgraceful alacrity to enslave a human being, which certain individuals in Newport have manifested, we cannot trust ourselves to speak.

Not only has a grievous and irreparable wrong been done to Waggoner, but the honor of the great State of Kentucky, in whose name the wrong was committed, has been sullied, and the dignity of the State of Ohio insulted. For an Ohioan has been made a slave by tricks which would disgrace a "shyster" before that lowest of human tribunals, the Tombs Police Court in New York.

We trust our readers, whose blood will be stirred by the recital of this wrong, will not forget that the Democratic party is the champion and defender of that system of which this whole business is but the legitimate outgrowth. Their indignation should not vent itself in frothy declamation and violent invective, but should crystallize into efficient action.

James Waggoner was brought before Mayor Hawkins on Monday, on a writ of *habeas corpus* served upon the jailor to show by what legal right Waggoner was detained in jail.

Three witnesses—John Whiteman, Eliza S. Whiteman, and Mary Miller—testified that they had known James Waggoner and his father since 1852, and that they had resided in Ohio since they knew them, and were always regarded as free people.

The affidavit of Joseph Thomas of Cincinnati was read, stating that James Waggoner had worked for him as a teamster, and that, during the time, Peter Waggoner had visited James, and they recognized each other as father and son. The affidavit of the father was read, but, the testimony of a negro not being legal in Kentucky, it was not admitted as evidence. We give its pith, however. Peter states he was a slave, but had been set free by the will of his master, Peter Waggoner (for whom he was named), in Wythe County, Virginia, in 1828. That he removed to Ohio in 1831, and that James was born in Brown County, Ohio, since that year, and had never been in Virginia. The evidence on the other side showed nothing whatever to disprove the foregoing facts, but two men from Virginia, who, it appears, came here in search for a fugitive slave, stated that they knew Peter Waggoner, the father of James, and that he had been set free in 1828, but that the will was annulled in 1843. One of these witnesses also stated that James resembled a negro who had ran away from Jacob Waggoner about five years ago, but he could not identify him. It will be seen that James was born in Ohio before the will was annulled, two facts which, admitting that that could affect the freedom of his father, could not affect his.

After hearing the testimony, the Mayor stated that he had no doubt from the first that James Waggoner was a slave, and had heard nothing to disprove him such; therefore, he remanded him to jail. Hardly had he reached it, when he was hastened into a buggy and driven off to Alexandria to the auction-block. An injunction, however, which had been sued out, was immediately dispatched, but the party having the negro in charge were a few minutes ahead. As the party neared Alexandria, Col. Smalley, with one of his fastest horses, drove up, passed the pursuers and reached the Sheriff's party, informed them of the injunction on the way, took the negro into his buggy and reached Alexandria first. No one in that place either saw or heard of the sale, and when the injunction party reached it they heard that the negro was purchased by Dr. J. Q. A. Foster of Newport, for $700 on his note endorsed by a man named Nelso, who is pecuniarily irresponsible; but the negro had been spirited away, nor could he be found or heard of after the strictest search and inquiry.

JAMES WAGGONER AT LEXINGTON.—James Waggoner was taken to Lexington yesterday by his purchaser and placed in the negro pens of that city, where he will probably remain until he is sent to the Southern market.

The manner in which the whole affair was managed would excite admiration if the cause had been a good one; but as it is, a dark shade of melancholy rests upon it, and the good and just will grieve as they recall the circumstances of this case, in which a human being, born of free parents in a free State, has been deprived of his birthright of liberty and sold at the auction-block into perpetual slavery.

PRO-SLAVERY TYRANNY.

THE boasted unanimity of the South, in opposition to "Black Republicanism," is precisely that which has long been maintained in Austria, France and Naples, and by like means. There are but very few avowed Republicans in the slave States, simply because no one can be an active Republican and stay there, save in a few localities along the border, unless he takes his life in his hand and holds it at the mouth of the pistol, as Cassius M. Clay does. Hundreds who have subscribed and paid for *The Tribune* are not allowed to receive it; thousands who would gladly take and pay for it are deterred from so doing by terror. The Republican party is daily defamed in fifteen States of the Union, but not allowed a hearing in reply. To circulate the facts whereon we rest the justification of our faith is prosecuted and punished as a felony; while to advocate our principles and nominate tickets in their behalf would, throughout nine-tenths of the slave region, expose free white men to be hunted like wild beasts. And thereupon we are taunted with being a *sectional* party! Whose fault is that?

John Van Buren is said to have remarked lately that there was no despotism in Europe which could compare

Christ, and tell you of the great doings in their free and liberal country. We will tell you what Protestantism and freedom leads to. We will tell you this, moreover, from Protestant newspapers, and then you can tell us whether even the Moslems in Turkey would enact such iniquitous laws.' Of course we, who know the difference between the Northern and Southern States of the Union, see at once the fallacy of the argument, but we cannot wonder at papal missionaries employing it. Would not our own preachers in England make a handle of such a fact, supposing that a papal despotic power had enacted such a law? Here it has made a great stir, and, as an Italian friar said to me the other day, in great glee, 'All the preachers ever sent forth by the Propaganda could not have struck so heavy a blow at Protestantism in Syria as has this late American news.'

"I had proof of this myself the other day, when four or five respectable-looking natives, whom I had never seen or heard of in my life, called upon me, and asked me to translate honestly for them some paragraphs of an English paper—*The Times*—which some one (they did not tell me who) had marked for them. Not being able to render the passages into fluent-enough Arabic, I did so into Italian, which one of the party spoke well, and he again translated them to the rest into Arabic. Before commencing the translation, the party told me that, although they knew I was a Protestant and an Englishman, they felt sure I would give them a true interpretation of what they had shown me. I did so. It was the story of the free colored population of Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, being made by law to fly their homes or become slaves for life. Also the infamous petition from Maryland. As I proceeded with the translations the men seemed thunder-struck, but kept saying amongst themselves that it was as the priest had told them. When I had finished, one of them put the question to me very solemnly, 'now, on the word of an Englishman' (a very common expression in Syria, and considered as sacred as an oath amongst the natives; even a Syrian, when he wants to affirm a thing solemnly, says, 'I declare it on the word of an Englishman'), 'do you believe these things to be true?' I told him that I certainly did so. The whole party then rose up and took their leave, declaring that they would go no more near the American chapel, nor read the American books. I tried to make them understand the difference between Americans of the South and those of the North, but all the reply I got was, 'Let those of the North, then, go home and convert those of the South, before they come to preach to the Arabs. Even the Turks never did such things as these.'

"I afterwards learnt that amongst my visitors were two individuals who had lately been showing a strong tendency towards Protestantism, and that their priests and friends had used this American weapon as a last hope of bringing them back to the mother Church, and with very decided success."

THE JOHN BROWN INVASION.

REPORTS OF THE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

THE MAJORITY REPORT.

The report made to the Senate on Friday morning by Mr. Mason, chairman of the Harper's Ferry Committee, comprises one hundred and fifty foolscap pages, exclusive of voluminous testimony. A full history is given of Brown's movements and their results, and reference is made to the utter insecurity of the peace and safety of some of the States of the Union, owing to the excited condition of the public mind, and its purposes in the non-slaveholding States. Although it may not become the committee to suggest a duty in those States to provide by proper legislation against machinations within their borders destructive of the peace of the confederate republics, it does become them fully to expose the consequences resulting from the present license in the non-slaveholding States to the peace and integrity of the Union, which are necessarily involved in its continuance.

The rifled carbines, manufactured in Connecticut, intended, as it would appear, to be ordinarily used in strife in Kansas, and sent thither for that purpose, were voluntarily placed by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, through its chairman, in the hands of Brown, with vague and unexplained instructions as to their use; but the truth was, it would appear, he finally conceived the purpose of exciting civil war in some of the slaveholding States. This expedition, so atrocious in character, would have been arrested had even ordinary care been taken on the part of the Massachusetts Committee to ascertain whether Brown was truthful in his professions. The testimony shows that after his treasonable proceedings at Chatham, he went back to New England, travelling through its several villages, collecting money, which was freely contributed under the auspices both of Howe and Stearns, and others, with a knowledge that he retained the large supply of arms of which they had failed to dispossess him.

On the whole testimony, there can be no doubt that Brown's plan was to commence a servile war on the borders of Virginia, which he expected to extend, and which he believed his means and resources were sufficient to extend through that State and the entire South. It does not seem that he entrusted even his intimate friends with his plans fully, even after they were out for execution.

The committee are not prepared to suggest any legislation which, in their opinion, would be adequate to prevent like occurrences in future. The only provisions of the Constitution of the United States which would seem to import any authority in the government to interfere on occasions affecting the peace or safety of the States are found in the eighth section of the first article, among the powers of Congress to provide for calling on the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; and in the fourth section of the fourth article, in the following words:

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

The invasion here spoken of would seem to import an invasion by the public force of a foreign power, or—if not so limited and equally referable to an invasion by one State of another—still it would seem that public force or forces, exercised under the sanction of acknowledged political power, is there meant. The invasion—to call it so—by Brown and his followers at Harper's Ferry was in no sense of that character. It was simply an act of lawless ruffians under the sanction of no public or political authority.

If the several States, whether from motives of policy or a desire to preserve the peace of the Union, if not from fraternal feeling, do not hold it incumbent on them, after the experience of the country, to guard in future, by appropriate legislation, against occurrences similar to the one here inquired into, the committee can find no guarantee elsewhere for the security of peace between the States of the Union. So, far, however, as the safety of the public property is concerned, the committee would earnestly recommend that provision should be made by the Executive, or, if necessary, by law, to keep under adequate military guard the public armories and arsenals of the United States, in some way after the manner now practised at the navy yards and forts.

[The report is signed by Messrs. Mason, Davis and Fitch.]

VIEWS OF THE MINORITY.

The treasonable conspiracy of John Brown and his associates, and its fatal development at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, in October last, has become matter of history, and all its details are too well known to require recapitulation.

While the excitement, alarm and suspicion were rife in the public mind, the Senate adopted the resolutions raising the Committee of Inquiry in relation thereto. Their only legitimate purpose was to inquire whether anything had transpired which required further legislation by Congress, for future security. Though drawn in very general and undefined terms, in some parts almost implying the exercise of judicial inquisition, yet, from an unwillingness to incur the imputation of embarrassing full investigation, no one objected to their adoption. In the exercise of the same feeling, we have made no objection to the great latitude of inquiry taken by the committee. We, however, distinctly understand that if the resolutions and their peculiar phraseology were drawn or are used for any other purpose than that of furnishing to the Senate information of its own legislative action, it is a perversion and departure from the only justifiable purpose of their adoption.

The objects of inquiry, as stated by the resolutions, are the following, which we state not in the order of the resolutions, but in the order of their consecutive relation, for the purpose of their more orderly answer, to wit:

First—The facts in relation to the invasion and seizure of the armory and arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

Second—Whether it was in pursuance of an organization, and the nature and purpose thereof.

Third—The arms and munitions there possessed by the insurgents, and where and how obtained.

Fourth—Were any citizens, not present, implicated in, or accessory thereto, by contributions of arms, money, ammunition or otherwise?

In relation to the first inquiry, the testimony taken before the Committee, presents no material facts but such as appeared on the trial of the conspirators, and have been long since published and fully known. They are briefly as follows:

On the night of the 16th day of October, 1859, John Brown, together with sixteen white men and five negroes as conspirators, took armed possession of the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, killed four of the inhabitants, and were dislodged by armed force which they resisted, and in the action seven of the white conspirators were killed and three of the negroes. John Brown was wounded and taken prisoner, and he, together with four others of the white conspirators and two of the negroes, were tried, convicted and executed, and five escaped.

Second—This took place in pursuance of a conspiracy commenced in Kansas by John Brown and most of these conspirators in the last part of 1857 or beginning of 1858. They were young men, and entirely under the influence of Brown, and had been as well as Brown, deeply engaged in the conflicts in Kansas in 1855, 1856 and 1857. From Kansas they passed into Iowa, and thence they were led by Brown to Chatham, in Canada West. Here they, together with a number of negroes, formed a secret organization, with written articles of association, drawn up by Brown, having for its object the raising of a slave insurrection in the slaveholding States, and subverting the government thereof.

Third—They had two hundred Sharp's carbines and two hundred revolver pistols, and about one thousand pikes, together with a quantity of clothing and ammunition. The carbines and revolvers had been procured by contributions in Massachusetts in 1856, and forwarded to Iowa, to be sent into Kansas for the defence of the Free State people, in the struggle then existing there, and they had been intrusted to John Brown for that purpose, together with the ammunition. The clothing which had been contributed for the suffering people of Kansas had been intrusted to him there for that purpose. In 1857 these troubles in Kansas, in a great degree, subsided. The associations and committees who had made contributions ceased operations, and these arms and munitions in the hands of Brown came to be almost overlooked and disregarded until the summer of 1858, when a suggestion came to the persons having control of them at Boston, that John Brown was about to make some improper use of them, and therefore he was particularly charged to make no use of them but in Kansas and for the defence of the Free State people there, as the purpose for which they had been furnished. It seems that this, together with being unable to procure money, and an apprehension of being exposed, prevented him from executing the purpose of his conspiracy for that year.

In 1859 he procured to be completed in Connecticut 1,000 pikes, for which he had contracted and partly paid in 1858 or 1857, for like service in Kansas, and then, in 1859, he procured these pikes and also those carbines and revolvers, and the ammunition and clothing, to be privately conveyed and secreted at or near Harper's Ferry, without the knowledge or consent of those who had contributed them for use in Kansas, and contrary to the order so given him by those in control.

Fourth—There is no evidence that any other citizens than those there with Brown were accessory to this outbreak or invasion by contributions thereto or otherwise, nor any proof that any others had any knowledge of the conspiracy, or its purposes, in the year 1859, though Realf, Forbes, and some very few, may have understood it in 1858, when it failed of execution.

Although some of the testimony tends to show that some abolitionists have, at times, contributed money to what is occasionally called practical abolitionism—that is, in aiding the escape of slaves—and may have placed too implicit confidence in John Brown, yet there is no evidence to show, or cause to believe, they had any complicity with this conspiracy, or any suspicion of its existence or design, before its explosion.

There was no evidence tending to show that there ever was any conspiracy or design by any one to rescue John Brown or his associates from prison in Virginia.

The place and the boldness of this outbreak, the purpose it entertained, the deaths it involved, and the amount of arms and munitions with which it was supplied, combined to produce not only great alarm, but also a strong suspicion of extensive complicity. Time and investigation have, happily, dissipated much of such alarm and suspicion, and shown that this was but an offshoot from the extensive outrages and lawlessness in Kansas, commenced and continued there by armed invasion of that Territory to control its own people, the elections and the government, for the introduction and perpetuity of slavery in that territory on the one hand, and resistance or defence on the other. This invited there many men of desperation, and others became so by the irritations and excitements of those collisions. When comparative peace was restored there, many, trained by such a school, were ready for new fields of lawless enterprise. It was from such elements that John Brown concocted his conspiracy, consisting of young men and boys, over whom he had entire control, many of them foreigners, and none of substance or position in the country.

By perverting the arms, ammunition and clothing with which he had been entrusted from the purpose for which he had received them, he secured his supplies.

It is almost astonishing that, in a country like ours, laden with the rich experience of the blessings of security under the protection of law, there should still be found large bodies of men laboring under the infatuation that any good object can be effected by lawlessness and violence. It is the prostration of law, which is the only bond of security. It can, in its nature, beget nothing but resistance, retaliation, insecurity and disasters. And yet, with all our intelligence and experience, we have most unfortunate and deplorable manifestations of such infatuations. They are dangerous in direct proportion to the extent of public countenance they receive. No object, however desirable, can justify them, or prevent their disastrous example and consequences. The unpunished lawless invasions of our weak neighboring nations; the flagrant and merciless breaches of our laws against the African slave trade, "unwhipt of justice;" the lawless armed invasions of our own people in our own weak territory of Kansas, not only unpunished, but justified, sustained, and even rewarded—all, it is believed, to extend and sustain slavery; tended strongly to suggest acts of lawless violence to destroy it, especially in those who had witnessed and suffered by these collisions. They are, however, all without excuse, and they but add to the experience that no public peace or private security can be found but where every disregard of law meets with the most prompt public rebuke, and effective punishment or correction.

While this act of violence and treason, and the alarm, suspicion, suffering and death it involved, are so deplorable, we cannot but see that the lessons which it teaches furnish many considerations of security against its repetition. Ages might not produce another John Brown, or so fortuitously supply him with such materials. The fatal termination of the enterprise in the death and execution of so large a part of the number engaged; the dispersion of the small remainder as fugitives in the land; the entire disinclination of the slaves to insurrection, or to receive aid for that purpose, which was there exhibited; the very limited number and peculiar character of the conspirators—all combine to furnish assurance against the most distant probability of its repetition.

The extent and freedom with which this investigation has been conducted has resulted in showing that the people of the free States have had no complicity with this atrocity, and, if viewed with candor, the evidence will remove the suspicion of extensive complicity which the possession of such a quantity of arms, unexplained, was likely to create, it now fully appearing they were never furnished for such a purpose. This investigation has its value, if its record be examined and treated with candor, as it fully shows that there is no such ground of suspicion and distrust as has been indulged among our people, and that lawless violence as to slavery, by efforts from beyond its border, has culminated in this disastrous and abortive experiment.

We have now succinctly stated the origin, agents, instruments, purposes and result of this deplorable outrage, and briefly stated the reflections we think it suggests. The facts disclosed, viewed in the light in which they appear to us, and in which we have presented them, however much calling for condemnation and regret, may be, and we think should be, used and improved to allay excitement, quiet suspicion, and restore tranquillity.

The committee having come to the conclusion that no such facts have been disclosed as call for any Congressional legislation, we should regard this as the termination of its duty; but, by its majority, the committee seems to have entertained a different view of the object of the resolutions and purpose of the inquiry. They give, as we suppose, a different construction from our understanding of those words of the resolutions which direct an inquiry, "Whether any citizens of the United States, not present, were implicated therein, or accessory thereto, by contributions of money, arms, munitions or otherwise."

We consider that no man can be properly said to be "implicated" in any transaction, or accessory thereto, who had no knowledge of its purpose, character, or existence; and the whole committee consider that there is no evidence that any citizen, not present, had any such knowledge of this. Yet the committee, by its majority, seem to regard it as their duty to inquire whether there are any citizens who, not "implicated" in this affair, yet hold such opinions and pursue such courses on the subject of slavery as are dangerous to the national tranquillity, even although Congress has no power to take any action in relation thereto. This we regard as a departure from the duty and proper power of the committee. Upon this view of the committee, by its majority, great latitude and range of inquiry has been taken in the examination, and equal latitude of remark indulged in in the report. Witnesses, and especially those known or suspected of ultra-abolition sentiments, have been freely examined as to their personal sentiments, theories, purposes, conduct, charities, contributions, lectures and speeches on the subject of slavery. They have even called a witness to prove that he and others had conspired to be guilty of the charity of providing for a poor wounded prisoner, in a land of strangers, the necessary counsel able to secure him a fair trial; as if that was evidence of their complicity with his guilt. We feel bound to protest against all the conclusions which the same spirit of suspicion, which could call such testimony, will seek to deduce from it.

So long as Congress, in the exercise of its power over the territories, is invoked to exert it to extend, perpetuate or protect the institution of slavery therein; so long as the policy of the government is sought to be so shaped as to aid to extend its existence or enlarge its power in any way beyond its present limits; so long must its moral, political and social character and effects be unavoidably involved in Congressional discussion. Hence, it is equally unavoidable that the people, in all parts of the Union, will discuss this subject, as they are to select those who are to represent them and their sentiments in Congressional action. So long as slavery is claimed before the world as a highly benignant, elevating and humanizing institution, and as having Divine approbation, it will receive at the hands of moralist, civilian and theologian the most free and unflinching discussion; nor should its vindicators wince in the combat which their claims invite. In this discussion, it is true, as in other topics of exciting debate, wide latitude and license are, at times, indulged, but it seldom or never exceeds in severity the terms of reprehension which were, on this subject, long since indulged by Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Mason, and in later times by McDowell, Faulkner and their worthy compeers, all of Virginia, whose information and opinions on this as well as other subjects the people of the free States have not yet learned to disrespect. We insist, however, that there is no such matter presented in the testimony, or existing in fact, as is more than intimated in the report, that even the abolitionists take courses intended, covertly, to produce forcible violations of the laws and peace of the slaveholding States, much less that any such course is countenanced by the body of the people in the free States. We cannot join in any report tending to promulgate such a view, as we regard it unfounded in fact, and ill-calculated to promote peace, confidence or tranquillity, and a departure from the legitimate purposes for which the committee was appointed.

J. COLLAMER,
J. R. DOOLITTLE.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE INSURRECTION OF 1776!

THE Eighty-fifth Anniversary of this great American triumph will be celebrated by a grand MASS MEETING, in the handsome and commodious Grove in FRAMINGHAM, on Wednesday, July 4th. Turning with abhorrence from the mockery of commemorating the achievements of Freedom by servility to slavery, let all who hate despotism in the garb of Democracy and Republicanism as well as of Monarchy, and would overthrow it by every weapon that may be legitimately wielded against it, assemble to consider the solemn and pregnant issues of the hour—how we may best preserve the principles of the Revolution, and carry them forward to a speedy and enduring triumph.

Special trains will run upon the different railroads, as heretofore. An able corps of eloquent speakers will be in attendance. [Particulars hereafter.]

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
E. H. HEYWOOD,
HENRY O. STONE,
CHARLES A. HOVEY,
GEO. W. STACY,
} Committee of Arrangements.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

MR. SUMNER'S speech of the 4th inst. is the Republican event of the season—it may prove to be the National event. It was a crucial test which was to try the quality of the party, and one which, at first, it did not seem at all likely that it could stand. The leaders of the Republican party, particularly the leaders of its press, have all along seemed to think the elimination of Anti-Slavery from its life and being the one thing necessary to its health and strength; which was about as wise a theory as that of Doctor Sangrado, who emptied his patients of all the blood in their bodies and then laid the blame of their dying to the unhappy circumstance that they had no more to lose. And it is very possible that, should Mr. Lincoln be defeated, it will be alleged that the fault was that there was too much anti-slavery blood left in the veins of the party, which resulted in apoplexy and death. It is one of the symptoms of the morbid condition to which slavery has reduced the moral sense of the nation, that the party which its very excesses has called into existence to try and check them, should instinctively, as it were, seek to disguise itself so as to look as nearly as may be like the predominant party which openly wears the livery of the slave-masters. And this speech of Mr. Sumner's gave it a shock as of an electric battery, startling and annoying at first, but which may yet be the means of calling into action again whatever of vitality has been left by the long course of mal-practice from which it has been suffering.

And this we infer from the facts that the great Republican papers have growlingly and grudgingly consented to let their readers see what it is; that the Legislature of Massachusetts—the only one now in session, we believe—has cordially approved of it; and that the Central Committee of the Republican party, at Washington, has determined to make it one of the Campaign Documents, with which the coming battle is to be fought. When we say that we are glad of these things, it is not that we regard the success of the Republican party as an end likely to be greatly promotive of the anti-slavery cause. Very possibly its defeat may be of much more virtuous efficacy in that direction than its triumph. Indeed, we hardly think it has grown up to the stature and developed the vigor and muscle that the difficulty of the place in which success would put it must demand. But we think that the more distinctively and unmistakably the approaching conflict shows itself to be one between Slavery on the one hand and Anti-Slavery on the other, the better for the interests of the Slave, and, subordinately, for those of the White Man as well. The instincts of the slaveholders see that this must be the case, at any rate. Disguise itself as it will, Anti-Slavery is still a bitter draught to them. He that is not for them is against them, and he that gathereth not with them scattereth abroad, as is shown by the hatred they bear Mr. Douglas, for not being willing to go beyond the extreme position he took up in their interest, thinking to secure their gratitude forever. They openly avow that they hate him worse than Seward or Sumner, because he will not be converted from his doctrine that every Territory may have slavery if it likes, into the higher faith that it *must* have it, whether it likes it or not.

Mr. Sumner's speech was perfectly in order upon the Republican platform, narrow and slender as it is. That platform being, virtually, the Popular Sovereignty dogma of Mr. Douglas, permitting the Territories to have slavery, if they want it, but not allowing them to be dragooned into having it, if they do not, the quality of slavery is really the one thing to be considered and discussed. Even if the Eighth Resolution of the Chicago Platform be construed to admit the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories, previous to their erection into States, the character of slavery is the very essence of the question as to what action Congress shall take in the premises. If slavery be a good institution, and slaves really as much Constitutional property as horses and oxen, there is no reason why the Territories should be deprived of so beneficent an instrumentality for their growth in wealth and numbers. But if it be barbarous, brutal, cruel, destructive to the moral sense of both whites and blacks, and fatal to the true prosperity of a commonwealth, there can be no higher duty entrusted to the National Legislature than to protect the Territories confided to its guardianship during their nonage from such a blighting curse. This question Mr. Sumner has considered, discussed and exhausted. He has left little to be said on the moral, social, political and economical phases of the subject—little to be said and nothing to be answered. It is so thorough, so compact, so readable, so complete in evidence, so perfect in logic, so excellent in rhetoric, so elevated in moral tone, as to be a *Vade Mecum* or Manual, from which answers to all ordinary objections can be drawn; and, coming from a man of so wide a celebrity and so distinguished a position, it is sure of an all but universal reading. It is precisely the presentation of the reasons which have made the Republican party a political necessity, reasons which inhere in the very nature and are of the essence of slavery. In preparing it, with the pains evidently spent upon it, and in delivering it just at the time he did, Mr. Sumner did not take counsel of office-seeking flesh and blood; but we believe that he rendered even these beggarly elements the very best possible service. If the land flowing with the milk and honey of pay and power be ever entered into by the Republican Israel, it will be because they have been thus shown the only effectual way, in spite of the hardness of their hearts and the stiffness of their necks.

But this we may say, without fear of intelligent contradiction, that if the Republican party be of so queasy a constitution as to be done to death by such words of truth and soberness, as well as of strength and power, as Mr. Sumner uttered in the Senate, the sooner it is killed out of the way the better. It only stands in the way of a political party of a more vigorous nature—for it is one of the eternal necessities of things that there should be a strong Northern party, antagonistical to slavery and its works to us-ward at least, which can never cease from off the earth until either slavery has gone before it, or the Union of the two hostile nations pretending to be one is broken and its discordant parts put into their natural relations towards one another. The only plausible pretence that any damage can be done to the prospects of the Republican party, is to be found in the pretence the Democratic Senate may make of it to keep Kansas out of the Union until after the Presidential election. But he must have read the history of our slaveholding domination very imperfectly who does not know that the slaveholders never take counsel of their passions, when any serious business affecting their interests or their supremacy is on hand. They may make sound and fury and violence the cover of their deed, but the deed itself is ever calmly considered and deliberately planned; as was shown in the instance of the attempt on Mr. Sumner's life. Though that crime was attended and followed, throughout the slave States, by frantic orgies of real or simulated fury, the assassination was as coolly planned and arranged as ever murder was by the conspirators. Terror was to be stricken into Northern members of Congress; hence the assault. So, here, the question of Kansas will be decided on its merits as to slaveholding interests, and that with the calmness which unravels a mathematical problem. If the help which her exclusion will give to the Republican stump-oratory be likely to be greater than the advantage gained by keeping three votes out of the Electoral College, and one out of the House, should the final decision rest there, Kansas will be admitted. Otherwise, she must wait.

In any other point of view, we can see nothing but good that this speech can do to the Republican canvass. What they need is enthusiasm—anti-slavery enthusiasm. The masses of the people must be made to believe, whether truly or not, that they are doing something hostile to slavery in casting a vote for Lincoln, and something more than the mere vindication of the right of the Territories to keep out slavery if they do not wish to have it in. It was this faith and belief that rolled up such a vote for Fremont. Without it, it will be hard to make multitudes see the importance of the issue, or to induce them to take the trouble to vote. Such a speech as this of Mr. Sumner's is just the thing to arouse such a feeling of horror at slavery and of indignation at its insolences to themselves-ward as to demand the relief of a ballot for the Republican ticket, at least. Of course, we do not care a rush for this result, excepting just as far as it represents a genuine hatred of slavery. As a fight between the Ins and the Outs, the one as loud in protestations of slave-catching loyalty as the other, we should look upon it with the serenest indifference—or, perhaps, with rather an aspiration for the success of the party of the worst professions, as a result the most likely to compel a true embodiment of anti-slavery politics. Nor do we care as to the effect which the doctrine Mr. Sumner suggests, that the Constitution is whatever the dominant party choose to think it is, may have upon the minds of voters. We do not hold to any such opinion, or we should be in the field maintaining it. We think that the Constitution is an Entity and not a Quiddity. That it has a certain fixed meaning to all its clauses, and that the meaning expressed by the pro-slavery clauses is as distinct and intelligible as that of any of the others. We opine that the question will be settled long before men will be convinced that the framers did not mean what they have always been held to mean by the words they used; and the rather, because the right of Northern anti-slavery interpretation is a concession of Southern pro-slavery interpretation in all its fanatical extravagance. But we have no room for this discussion here. Our opinions are well known, and the action which seems to us to follow properly from them. If Mr. Sumner can change our views, we are open to conviction. But in the meantime we thank him for his comprehensive testimony against slavery, which can do nothing but good and that continually.

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

IN the United States Senate, on Monday, there was a somewhat exciting debate upon a proposition to amend the Naval appropriation bill so as to provide three steamers for the suppression of the African slave trade. Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts warmly advocated the proposition, and so also did Mr. Seward; but it was voted down, 18 to 25.

Mr. COLLAMER, of Vermont, in the course of a speech on the subject, said:

"It is about time to come to some understanding with ourselves, and especially with the British Government, in relation to this African slave trade. I think we should come to some understanding about *doing*, instead of contriving how *not* to do. After the emancipation of her slaves in the West Indies by Great Britain, they established a system of apprenticeship, and after this they endeavored to establish a system for the emigration of voluntary laborers; but when they undertook to put this plan in operation, they found no laborers willing to emigrate. They have tried various ways to obtain laborers, finding that their emancipated slaves did not work as well as they desired and had hoped. But the British Government has of late pushed forward the system of capturing these Africans and sending them to Sierra Leone and St. Helena, and there they are for a time furnished with provisions and means to recover from the effects of their captivity. But they are soon delivered up as servants, and directed to become voluntary laborers for the British Colonies in the West India Islands. I have seen the returns made by gentlemen who have examined these establishments, and from them the great purpose of the British Government seems to be to obtain voluntary labor to send to her colonies. The British Government gives five pounds ($25) per head for all that are captured. And what is the effect of this? It is that the coasters, British and American, have no inducement to prevent the shipping of slaves; on the contrary, the inducement is to let them ship as many as they please, and then catch as many as they can, for the purpose of getting the prize money, and also that the British Government may carry them back to their tropical colonies, where they may become laborers. Yet we are to go on and hire our own men, furnish our own ships, give a hundred dollars each to capture them, and another hundred to carry them back. This is not exactly an enterprise that pays. It is a bad business in a pecuniary point of view, nor can much be said for it in point of humanity. And I am exceedingly unwilling to sit here and to be the dupe of my own delusion.

"There is a way of really preventing and entirely destroying the African slave trade, and if the American and British Governments will seriously set about the work, it will be very easily done. The knowledge of that coast of Africa has been very essentially developed within the last ten years. The palm-oil trade has almost entirely grown up in that period. We can obtain all the information we want if we desire to have it. What is called the African fever has been found not to reach a mile from the coast, and scarcely ever a half mile; and the whole region of the west coast of Africa, where this trade is carried on, only comprises about three hundred miles. The points where the shipments are made are as well known as are most of the harbors on the coast of North America. If they change the places of shipment, a knowledge of the new places can be easily obtained. The slavers might easily be watched, as it takes weeks to obtain a cargo of Africans."

Mr. MASON, of Va., made a characteristic speech, in which, while professing to be opposed to the slave trade, he denounced the British Government as hypocritical in all her movements on this subject. She had destroyed her colonies by emancipation, but was unwilling to own the truth, and had been seeking clandestinely to supply them with laborers. He thought we should find it to be the true policy of this Government to cancel all treaty obligations with Great Britain on this subject, and let whatever remains to be done on our part be done separately.

Mr. WILSON said that, whatever might be the motives of Great Britain, assaults upon her could not justify the United States, nor in any way relieve us from performing our treaty obligations, executing our laws and doing the part which belongs to us as a Christian and civilized nation. It was a fact familiar to every one who had studied this question, that for the last twenty years our flag, our capital, and persons living in our country, are responsible for at least four-fifths of the slave trade. He had now in his hand a list of nine vessels that had sailed from the city of New York since the 31st of December last, to engage in the slave trade.

Mr. HAMMOND, of South Carolina, asked if Mr. Wilson had on his list any that were fitted out from a Southern port.

Mr. WILSON said that, save New Orleans, few vessels were fitted out in Southern ports for *any* purpose; but New Orleans shared with New York the disgrace of this traffic. The *Echo* was fitted out there. From New York ten slavers had been sent out in less than six months. He further said:

"There can be no doubt of the fact that there has been a revival of the slave trade, and therefore it becomes our duty to execute our treaty obligations. We profess to keep our treaty obligations, while practically we do not. I think, sir, that this debate will have the tendency to encourage the slave trade; and then it becomes the more our duty to legislate on this subject. There is nothing new in this amendment, and no new demand is made in it. I hold in my hand letters from four naval commanders who have been on the coast of Africa, and they all say that a few small steamers that could enter the bays and rivers of Africa, and that could sail swiftly, would be more efficient than the eighty guns we keep on that coast. There is another reason for legislating at this time. We cannot disguise the fact that there is a change in the sentiments of some of the States in relation to this trade."

Mr. SEWARD said:

"A year ago I introduced a bill containing stringent measures for the purpose of arresting this trade; I thought it was necessary to strike at our slave trade—not a European and foreign slave trade, but an American slave trade, carried on from ports of the United States, acquiring slaves in Africa, and selling them either in the United States, or in Cuba, and other regions. When I prepared that bill, I sought to strike at what seemed to me the root of the evil in the great commercial cities; and, *I frankly admit, chiefly in the city of New York*. I sought to incorporate into it provisions which would render the police of the United States, in that city, effective in preventing this traffic, so repugnant to the good sense and justice of the American people. I sought to increase the force upon the African coast by multiplying the number of small steam vessels there, at the same time fortifying the government there by a number of Consuls who should receive inducements to reside on the coast of Africa to detect these vessels and prevent their obtaining cargoes; and thirdly, to follow the vessel if she should escape from New York, and if she escaped from the coast of Africa with a cargo, then to follow her to the United States. Also, I sought to increase the police force within the States, and to increase our Consuls within the Spanish governments. I am bound to say that I submitted that bill to the careful consideration of gentlemen representing the Southern States, and whose opinions had been declared hostile to the slave trade; and I came to the conclusion, which I confessed and avowed at the close of the session, that I was satisfied that the Administration and the majority, if not the whole, of Southern Senators were in good faith desirous to arrest the slave trade, as it is carried on in American ports, and I say the same thing now. I say, also, that *the objections I found to that bill came not so much from the slave States as from the commercial interest of New York*. Now, I wish to say that everything I have heard to-day in opposition to this bill seems to me to furnish a strong argument in its favor. It is said that the treaty with Great Britain is not fully executed on the British side, and it is said that if Great Britain chose to lay her hand on Spain, and insist upon it, the slave trade would cease in a day. I allude to this for the purpose of showing that circumstances have changed since this treaty stipulation was made. That treaty was made at a time when our navy was feeble and the British navy had culminated, and at a time when the British prestige covered the whole earth. Since that time Great Britain had done all, probably, that was prudent for her to do. She had paid Spain twice over for the abolition of the slave trade in all her dominions, and Spain had, by law, declared it abolished. Great Britain since that time has found herself rivalled by great European States, and she is asked every day in her life, not whether she is able to prosecute her plans, and compel submission to her will, and dictate laws, but she has to consider to-day whether she is able to protect herself. She dares not disturb the peace of Europe. Under these circumstances, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and unavailing for us to rely upon Great Britain to act as a police for us on this question. At that time we distrusted our own position, and perhaps our own virtue. We have grown older since that time, and do not depend on Great Britain at all, and should prevent our own merchants from fitting out slave ships, and our citizens from purchasing Africans on the coast of Africa, and landing them in the United States or in Cuba. *It is our slave trade, and not the European slave trade, that is to be suppressed.* We are a powerful nation, and it is simply a point of duty to apply our own power to bring this evil to an end. I am not willing to say that we should abrogate this treaty. I see delinquencies and necessities on our part which we are bound to supply. This measure is a step in the right direction, and I shall vote for it. I would prefer that the bill submitted at the last session, or the bill of the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Wilson], of this session, should be perfected and passed. But, in the meantime, I appeal to the Senate whether it is not a step in the right direction to furnish the Secretary of the Navy $300,000 to buy or build vessels. The sum is less than you have to pay to send home the two cargoes which have recently been landed in our States. It can do no harm, and is entirely in accordance with this very treaty with Great Britain."

The statements of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Seward as to the complicity of New York in the slave trade find confirmation in the following articles from *The Tribune* of Wednesday:

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.

On Friday morning last, the Superintendent of Police was informed that the schooner Mariquita, lying at pier No. 9 East river, was manifestly fitting out for a slaving expedition to the Coast of Africa—and that two separate notifications of the fact had been sent to the office of U. S. Marshal Rynders, apparently without eliciting any action on his part. The vessel was obviously on the point of setting sail, as a box going on board her the evening before had broken open, disclosing a goodly array of shackles; and it is well known that a slaver does not put her shackles on board till about to sail.

It being manifestly useless to trouble the Marshal's office further with this case, Mr. Kennedy sent his private clerk to the office of Judge Roosevelt, U. S. District Attorney, to notify him of the facts. Judge R. was on the point of going into court, but designated one of his assistants to look after the suspected slaver. That assistant seemed far more anxious to learn whence Mr. Kennedy obtained his information than to look after the slaver; but he finally informed Mr. K. that they had been watching that vessel for a day or two! He persisted in saying that she would not sail very soon, though Mr. K. urged that no slaver ever takes her shackles on board till on the point of sailing. The Superintendent having no jurisdiction in the premises, was obliged to leave the matter thus. Next day, just as the Japanese were landing in our city, the Marquita slipped off, and is probably well away toward the slave coast by this time. How much money her safe exit from our harbor cost her owners, we, not knowing, cannot say.

Another strongly-suspected slaver slipped away from the foot of Ninth street, East river, on Saturday night or Sunday morning. New York is fast acquiring a monopoly of this lucrative but rather hazardous traffic. We mean that it *was* hazardous; but our delegate to Charleston, who there declared himself "with" Mr. Goulden in his willingness to reopen the slave trade, has changed all this. It is somewhat expensive to clear a slaver from this port, but it has ceased to be extra hazardous. We shall be disappointed if there is not a change in this respect soon after the 4th of March next, if not before.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: *The Tribune*, as a public Journal, takes a general, and sometimes a particular, interest in subjects connected with the African slave trade. Within a few weeks several suspected vessels have been overhauled, and, of legal necessity, no doubt, allowed to go on their way rejoicing. Two are now in the terrible claws of the Marshal and District Attorney, waiting their turns also to be made happy. The whole thing smells strongly of farce, if of nothing stronger. How much does the sport cost for each vessel?

But what is on this subject the most remarkable feature, is that some vessels are grabbed and detained with a most creditable alacrity, while others of the same stamp are granted apparent immunity. Now, sir, this is the point of the case. Can you enlighten our darkness in this matter? Some time ago a well-known firm in this city fitted out the Cygnet for Madeira. That vessel delivered two cargoes of woolly-heads at Cuba, and was seized with her third cargo in transitu. The same firm has lately fitted out several vessels—among them the Sea Foam and C. W. White—freighted with water, rice, breadstuffs, &c., the usual slave-dealing cargo. Directly after their departure, the steamer City of Norfolk, already suspected, clears with a handful of freight, and proceeds to join her reputed *tenders*. None of these vessels were stopped, although information was lodged against some of them, especially the steamer. The same thing is alleged in the recent case of the Lucky Star. She did not even have an American seaman on board, although the law requires that two-thirds shall be American.

It is a subject exciting curious inquiry, whether *social, domestic*, or *pecuniary* considerations can have any undue influence on official conduct in this connection. Why are certain officials supposed to be relentless in some cases and so extremely accommodating in others? If you cannot enlighten us on this subject, I shall have to inquire elsewhere—and I shrewdly guess I know where to inquire. CYGNET.

The painful truth is, that the conscience of the nation, after being drugged for so long a time by our leading divines and religious papers with defences or apologies for the system in which the slave trade originates, is no longer available as a barrier against the revival of that infamous traffic. Why should we be surprised that in this city, where not one leading religious paper and only one leading pulpit treats slavery unequivocally as a sin, and where public opinion, under the guidance of the clergy and the press, quietly submits to the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, and lends its aid to the support of slavery at the South, merchants are found unscrupulous enough to engage in a business which, while it is not one whit worse than slavery, is known to yield enormous profits? The responsibility for this revival of the slave trade lies at the door of the Churches, Ministers and popular religious newspapers of New York, which, in order to exculpate themselves for their complicity with slavery, have, during the last twenty-five years, advocated principles that tend directly to debauch the public conscience and undermine the ethics of Christianity. Mr. G

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...XXXIII.

JUNE 4th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Your twenty-seventh anniversary meeting seems to have been full of spirit and of promise. You must need such strengthening of the hope and cheering of the heart as the deepening of the struggle brings out more and more of the evil which you are contending with. It is impossible to describe the amazement and dread with which we, in Europe, discover the social condition and political notions of your slave States. When we read in our own newspapers extracts from yours, telling of the burning alive of a book-hawker in Texas, and of negroes here or there every few months: and when we learn what political speeches and conversation are in Charleston, we cannot conceive of the men who can do and say such things being of British descent, or ever in the way of hearing of law and liberty, and the safeguards provided for them by the toils and sacrifices of our forefathers. If negro slavery were rendered impossible to-morrow, what could become of a community whose members can do such hellish deeds, and talk such idiotic nonsense as are reported from the South? This is the dreariest of the mysteries which beset your polity: that republican structure which should have shown in the noonday sun of civilization like the Temple on Mount Moriah, in the day when it was roofed with gold, and the golden vine clustered round its portals! Instead of this brightness, black mists hang round your great structure, from which belches forth now and then, and more and more frequently, some sulphurous blast which shows it to be the very abode of evil. We know of nothing in Russia, nothing in Sicily, nothing in the barbarous life of Asiatic countries so hopelessly diabolical as the series of deeds by which the Southern States have expressed their feelings since the affair of Harper's Ferry; and the political talk is even further removed from all principle, sense and liberal feeling than the incubrations of Romish Councillors, or French or Neapolitan parasites. How are such people to make a part of a republic! What political intercourse can exist between people of such notions and habits and the inhabitants of States in which the theory of popular government is at least understood, and its blessings are aimed at with more or less fidelity and zeal? A blind, barbaric assumption, on the one hand, and an advanced profession of popular self-rule on the other cannot act together—can they? But this is a recurrence to what I have said before. I can only say that the hopelessness of a genuine Union on sound principles becomes more apparent to all men of sense in Europe with every occasion for the disclosure of Southern prejudice and passion: and it is not easy to check the expression of our amazement, grief and horror, when corresponding with the upholders of the right. Your election-politics we hope to understand better as time goes on. However plainly we may see the vices of the oratory at the Charleston Convention, and the views from which it proceeds, we are quite in the dark as to what is likely to happen next: and we should feel a deeper interest in it if we could suppose that the abolition of slavery is implicated in the choice of a President as closely as some of your countrymen would persuade us.

We find that the time has not passed away for grave political conflicts here, though, as a nation, we were never before so practically free, so nearly satisfied, or so conscientiously ruled. I think my last letter was written on the day when the House of Lords were to do, or to abstain from, a very rash act. They did it: and on into far future days, they and their heirs will repent it. At a time when Europe is in a condition of crisis, when it is of the utmost importance that the few free nations in the world should be strong in concord at home, and when, above all, it is essential that our present ministry should stand firm—at such a time as this a majority of the Peers have thought fit, in spite of warning, to throw out a ministerial measure of great importance, and, far worse, to do it by encroaching on the privileges of the Commons. Anything else may be postponed; but not a trespass on the constitutional powers of any of the three estates. The case is simply this. The money supplied to the government is the gift of the Commons exclusively. The Lords have no concern in making the grant. But legal forms and methods for collecting and applying the money are necessary; and the Lords and the Crown are concerned in the making of all laws. It was for this purpose that the bill which abolished the paper duty came before the Lords; and they have dared to overrule the financial arrangements made by the Commons, on the proposal of the Ministry, under the sanction of the Queen. The pretext is alarm about those financial arrangements; but no financial mistake (if any mistake had been committed) could compare in importance with the evil of any collision between the powers of the State. The audacious prank was suggested by the dread and dislike of direct taxation entertained by the aristocracy; and any extension of the direct method drives them past their patience. The vast increase of population and wealth in Great Britain has destroyed any approach to equality that there ever was between the taxation of the wealthy and the working classes. The increased consumption of taxed commodities by the most numerous classes has made them the chief tax-payers. Sir R. Peel began the rectification of the balance by his Income tax, and his remission of Customs and Excise duties; and his successors have carried on the process. Mr. Gladstone's proposal of a further advance in the same direction is more than the Peers are willing to bear; and, to throw it out, they have ventured upon a step more revolutionary than any that has been risked since the twenty-one Bishops threw out the first reform bill in 1831. If you ask what we shall do—the first reply is that we shall not allow the Cabinet to be overthrown for such a cause. The interests of liberty throughout Europe require the maintenance of a liberal Ministry in England; and Lord John Russell appears to be doing the duty of a Foreign Minister most admirably. But, though we will not afflict Europe by any mistake made at home, we shall not, I believe, hush up the matter as the sinning Lords would be glad that we should. Whatever immediate course circumstances may indicate, the general expectation is that there will be by and by a longer reform measure than the aristocracy are now trying to obstruct, a further rectification of our taxation, and a pressure upon the Peers' House which shall make the offending majority glad to recede from, and atone for, their encroachment. We are strong, quiet and prosperous enough to do these things without any threatening commotion. Everybody deprecates disorder, and there need be none unless the selfish part of the privileged classes chooses to make it. They will be wise to yield up at once the function they have attempted to seize.

There is no further doubt of the success of the Sicilian rising. Wonderful as is Garibaldi's achievement, it is now a sober certainty. The marvel is somewhat exaggerated by those newspapers, and other commentators on events, who talk of the Sicilians as if they were rural Austrians, or village Savoyards, or Louisiana negroes. Let Garibaldi and his followers have all honor; and they cannot have more than they deserve; but they would be more than heroes, they would be miracle-workers, if they had liberated Sicily without the aid of an intelligent, well-prepared and resolute population. The Sicilians have known freedom; they have noble national traditions; they have had former experience of conflict for their rights; and they have never ceased to claim the full and free operation of the Constitution which actually exists. Thus Garibaldi has been well supported. So he says; and his admirers rejoice to hear it. The Neapolitans are of a less hopeful quality, and French intrigue is in the way. You will have seen how French intrigue has dimmed the lustre of the first movements of the new kingdom of Northern Italy, and of the first oratory of its united Parliament. So it is everywhere. French agents are busy in every country in Europe, as Russians are in every government of Asia, stirring up trouble, and preparing a way for a future protector and conqueror. From being admired and supported by some parties in Europe, the French Emperor has passed over into the region of total isolation, like the first Napoleon. At present he talks smoothly, and makes profuse professions of peaceable intentions. This we understand to be an introduction to a policy of violence, when the sense of his isolation will exasperate his greed of power and glory. For such a season Europe continues to prepare. One odd sign of the times has just appeared—one of those mysterious indications which are always found at length to proceed from the same man, however various they may be. Within a month a conspicuous "Appeal to Husbandmen" has appeared in the advertising columns, not of our newspapers, but of our agricultural journals, and has caused some agitation among our farmers of capital. The word "husbandmen" is a French mistake; for the appeal is not to laborers, but capitalists. They are invited to purchase estates and farms in the central provinces of France, instead of renting farms at home; and a dazzling picture is presented of the wealth and the pleasures which any man may obtain by buying land and sitting down on French soil. The picture is rather too fine. The more sensible of our agriculturists will choose to know, before they go further, why agriculture is so backward in France; and why the population declines rather than advances; and why land returns on an average only 2½ per cent yearly, when manufactures and commerce are very profitable in good hands. Nothing can be easier than to explain the adversity of landowners and agriculture in France, where almost every acre is burdened with debt, and where the burdens on land amount to above forty millions of pounds sterling a year; but it is less easy to understand why this bait is held out to English farmers, and who it can be who has the power to offer the surface of whole provinces for sale. Considering that the landowners of France possess, on an average, three-quarters of an acre apiece, under the minute subdivision of land which is the practice there, it must be a very powerful personage who can offer such a range of estates and farms, with chateaux, homesteads, woods, fisheries, &c., for purchase. The addresses of a Paris and a London agent are given. In speculating what this can mean, we do not forget that the price of substitutes under the conscription had risen, and that the French army is recruited from the rural population; and that the Emperor is constantly increasing his army and navy, while his peasant subjects are more and more averse to that kind of service. Is he thinking how convenient it would be to draw English capital into the heart of his empire, and improve the land and its tillage, and obtain taxes from English settlers, and get a hold upon England by means of its best affections, which would dissuade her from war in proportion as her citizens had settled on the other side of the Channel? The whole thing looks very like one of his schemes—thrown out for the chance of success; but it will fail. Men who would leave law and liberty to live in France, and who would surrender their privileges to dwell among people of a different religion, manners, language, and habit of mind, life, and all for larger farming profits, might go unlamented, and stay abroad uncared for. But there will probably not be one such. Englishmen will go anywhere in reason for a living rather than to France; and Irishmen are more strongly tempted in other directions. Scotchmen may go temporarily as engineers, managers, or salaried officers of one sort or another; but they will not turn into French citizens—at least while the French polity is so insecure as under a Bonaparte. The advertisement, however, should be laid up in lavender as a significant sign of the times when an arch-intriguer was at work in every country in Europe—or our hemisphere. Does he occupy himself yet with yours? O yes! there is Central America. Well! take care of the North!

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1860.

As I intimated in a former letter, Senator Mason, finding that he had got an uncomfortable job on his hands—that of keeping Mr. Hyatt in the Washington pigstye, called by ceremonious persons a jail—has speedily got rid of it, and Mr. Hyatt. In other words, Mr. Hyatt has beaten Mr. Mason, the Investigating Committee and the Senate itself. When he took the ground distinctly and unmistakably that he would not testify before the Committee on compulsion, and that he should end his days in a Washington jail rather than leave it by acknowledging the power of the Senate over him, he had the honorable Senators at a great advantage. *He* could stay in the jail, but they couldn't afford to keep him there. The power exercised in his case, assuming the best argument which can be made to sustain it, if exercised to the extent of leaving a man in jail during the recess of Congress, would rouse the people of the country to resistance, and the Senators well knew it. To commit a man for a few days for alleged contempt of either branch of Congress might not excite the attention of the people, but when the citizens of the free States of the republic become fully aware that they are liable at any time to be thrown into prison for life for refusing to give evidence before a partisan Committee appointed to serve party ends, then a feeling might easily be roused which would forever put an end to the exercise of these doubtful powers.

I believe the Senate has done enough of this kind of business, and that it will be a long time before it will commit another person to prison.

Mr. Sumner stated the difference in this case between himself and other Republican Senators in very striking as well as clear language. Said he:

"I welcome with pleasure the proposition for the discharge of Mr. Hyatt from his long incarceration in the filthy jail, where he has been detained by the order of the Senate; but I am unwilling that this act of justice should be done to a much-injured citizen, without, for one moment, exposing the injustice which he has received at your hands. We must not forget the fundamental difference between the powers of the House of Representatives and the powers of the Senate. It is from the former that the Senator from Virginia has drawn his precedent, and here is his mistake. To the House of Representatives are given inquisitorial powers, expressly by the Constitution, while no such powers are given to the Senate. This is expressed in the words, 'The House of Representatives shall have the *sole* power of impeachment.' Here there obviously is something delegated to the House, and not delegated to the Senate, namely, those inquiries which are in their nature preliminary to an impeachment; and since, by the Constitution, every officer of the General Government may be impeached, the inquisitorial powers of the House may be directed against every civil officer, from the President down to the lowest on the list. This is an extensive power, but it is confined solely to the House. Strictly speaking, the Senate has no general inquisitorial powers. It has judicial powers in these cases under the Constitution: First, to try impeachments; secondly, to judge the election returns and qualifications of its members; thirdly, to punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member. In the execution of these powers the Senate has the attributes of a Court, and, according to established precedent, it may summon witnesses and compel their testimony, although it may very well be doubted if a law be not necessary even to the execution of this power. Beside these three cases, expressly named in the Constitution, there are two others in which it has already undertaken to exercise judicial powers, but in self-defence. First, with regard to the conduct of its servants, as of its Printer. Secondly, where its privileges have been violated, as in the case of William Duane, by a libel; or in the case of Nugent, of stealing, and divulging a treaty, which still was under the seal of secrecy. It will be observed that these two classes of cases are not sustained by the text of the Constitution. If they are sustained at all, it must be by that principle of universal jurisprudence, and also of natural law, which gives to everybody, whether naturally or artificially, the right to protect its own existence—in other words, the great right of self-defence. And I submit that no principle less solid could sustain this exercise of power. It is not enough to say that such a power would be convenient, highly convenient and important. It must be absolutely essential to the self-protection of the body—and, even then, in the absence of any law it may be open to the greatest doubt. 'Doubtless,' says Blackstone, 'all arbitrary measures, well executed, are the most convenient.' But *mere* convenience is not a proper reason, under a free Government, for the assumption of powers not granted; and this is especially the case where the powers are arbitrary, and despotic, and touch the liberty of the citizen. Now, if the present inquiry were in the House of Representatives, and directed against the President, or Secretary of War, on the ground of negligence or malfeasance, at an important moment, it would be clearly within the jurisdiction of that body, which has the sole power of impeachment. But it would not come within the jurisdiction of the Senate, until it becomes the duty of this latter body to try the impeachment instituted by the House. But the present inquiry is neither preliminary to an impeachment, nor on the trial of an impeachment. It has no such element to sustain it. It is precisely the same as if an inquiry should be instituted into the murder of Dr. Burdell, in New York, or into the burning of slaves in Alabama, or into the banks of New York, or into the conduct of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in alleged obstruction of the Fugitive Slave bill; with regard to all which the Senate has no judicial power, and yet it has judicial powers in all these cases precisely to the same extent that it has in the case of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. I know it is said that this power is necessary in 'aid of legislation.' I deny the necessity. Convenient, at times, it may be, but necessary—*never*. We do not drag the members of the Cabinet, or the President, to testify before a Committee in 'aid of legislation.' But I say, without hesitation, they can claim no immunity which does not belong equally to the humblest citizen. Mr. Hyatt and Mr. Sanborn have rights as ample as if they were office-holders. Such a power as this, which, without the sanction of law, and merely at the will of a partisan majority, may be employed to ransack the most distant States, and drag citizens before the Senate all the way from Wisconsin or South Carolina, may be convenient, and to certain persons may seem to be necessary. An alleged necessity has, throughout all time, been the apology for wrong. So spoke the fiend, and with 'necessity' the tyrant pleads an excuse for his devilish deeds. Such, according to Milton, was the practice among the fallen angels. Let me be understood as admitting the power of the Senate, where it is essential to its own protection, or the protection of its privileges, but not where it is required merely in aid of legislation. The difference is world-wide between what is received and what is required merely for aid, and here I part company with the Senators with whom I am proud on other matters to act. They hold that this great power may be exercised, not merely for the 'protection' of the Senate, but also for its 'aid,' in framing a bill, or in maturing any piece of legislation. To aid a Committee of this body merely in a legislative purpose, a citizen guilty of no crime, charged with no offence, presumed to be innocent, honored and beloved in his own neighborhood, may be seized, handcuffed, kidnapped and dragged away from his home, hurried across State lines, brought here as a criminal, and then thrust into jail. The mere statement of the case shows the dangerous absurdity of such a claim. 'Nephew,' said Algernon Sidney in prison, on the night before his execution, 'I value not my own life a chip, but what concerns me is, that the "law," which takes away my life, may hang every one of you whenever it is thought convenient.' It was a dangerous 'law' that aroused the indignation of the English patriot: but in the present case there is not even a law—nothing but an order, made by a fractional part of the Congress."

It will be very difficult for any senatorial lawyer, however able, to reply successfully to this argument. No one attempted to reply a single word, and I am inclined to think that several of the Senators who voted to commit Mr. Hyatt now are convinced that they blundered.

A correspondent in THE STANDARD thinks I did Mr. Seward injustice in my comparison between him and Mr. Lincoln on the Fugitive law. Perhaps I did; if so, it was unintentional. But my idea was this: Lincoln countenances obedience to the enactment. Does Mr. Seward do any less? If he had been nominated at Chicago, would he have permitted any one to represent him as counselling *disobedience* to the odious law? Would he not have executed the law? No man doubts it; and therefore I was right in saying that there is no difference between the men on the subject. I meant, of course, practically, as President, both would act alike. I admit at once if Lincoln likes the slave-catching law, and is opposed to its repeal, that, *as a Senator or public man*, Mr. Seward is immeasurably above him in his position as an anti-slavery man, for Mr. Seward detests the law and is openly in favor of its repeal. As President, however, his attitude towards it would be like that of any candidate who is elected—*he would execute the law.*

Both branches of Congress have been very busy during the week which has just closed, the daily sessions being long and tedious. A vast amount of business has been transacted, but more still could have been acted on but for the Baltimore Convention, which filled Washington suffocatingly full of delegates and the blowers and strikers of each wing of the Democracy. These gentlemen made the Hall of Representatives their place of rendezvous, and neither Doorkeeper nor Speaker could clear them out. They were ordered out once by the Speaker on the complaint of a Southern member, but Southern "chivalry" is superior to the common politeness of the colder States.

The vulgar and brutal attack of Senator Fitch upon Mr. Sumner, in open Senate, disgusts everybody, even the Southern men. This Fitch objects to the reception of a petition from colored persons, yet holds his seat in the Senate by fraud, and, what is worse than that, is an apostate, for he was once an anti-slavery man! Did ever pro-slavery meanness, doughface nastiness of spirit, go further than this? Objection to the reception of *petitions* from persons of color! I coincide entirely with a friend who remarked upon witnessing this shameful exhibition, "There are men in the United States Senate so utterly, contemptibly, and disgustingly *mean*, that Satan would blush redder than the fires of hell, to be seen in their company!" Fitch is one of these men. These two *bogus* delegates—Fitch and Bright of Indiana—are the sworn enemies of everything decent, humane, or gentlemanly, and seem determined to use their time industriously, well knowing that they will never return to the Senate—not even by fraud, for the people of Indiana will not be cheated the second time.

One week more and Congress will have done, for this session, with the business of legislation. It is quite possible that the House will practically end the session on Wednesday or Thursday by voting an adjournment till Monday next, when, by the joint resolution just passed, the Vice-President and Speaker, will adjourn the two Houses. Kansas, the Homestead, the Tariff and the Pacific Railroad will be passed over till next session, or a new Congress. The Republican House is willing enough, and has passed all these measures but one—the Pacific Road. The House has also, by a heavy majority, passed a vote of censure upon the President, and one or two members of his Cabinet. Well and good. It was deserved. But let the Republicans look to their own record—let them keep their own hands clean. I tell you that the greatest danger which threatens the Republican party is Dishonesty and Corruption. And this arises, in a great degree, from the fact, that too many of their number are hypocrites on the slavery question. They trade in it for the sake of party profit, or rather personal profit. These are the men who hoist the white feather the moment a Southern bully pulls out his jack-knife or raises his cane. The *sincere* anti-slavery men are brave. Those who deal in the sentiment for selfish purposes shrink at the approach of danger. *Honesty* is wanted now-a-days quite as much as backbone. The Republicans have showed by their conduct this winter that they have excellent pluck; let them be sincere and *honest* under every temptation, and they will beat down triumphantly the ruffianly hosts of slavery.

AVON.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1860.

As the pressure on your columns from the Anniversaries has abated, you will be ready for your Philadelphia correspondent to resume his function.

THE STANDARD has been somewhat heavy of late, but by no means dull. The anniversary speeches, of which you have published an unusual number, have been unusually interesting. They have embraced a great variety of topics, and have been exhaustive in the extent and thoroughness of their discussion. There has been no need of letters and little call for editorial matter during all this time, for these speeches have dealt, not with dead men and past occurrences, but with living men and current events. And the interest of these successive orations, instead of falling off, has been steadily cumulative; your last number being quite unsurpassed by any that preceded it. Phillips's eulogy of Theodore Parker was a master-piece of encomiastic oratory. It was just what one would have expected from such a speaker with such a subject. In keeping with it was the beautiful panegyric of James Freeman Clarke, to say nothing of the appropriate addresses of Samuel J. May and Mr. Garrison, which were exceedingly touching and admirable. And then to have Sumner's grand Senatorial effort come, in a supplement, was giving your subscribers a treat which does not often fall to the lot of newspaper readers.

I liked this last speech of Wendell Phillips on Theodore Parker better than his preceding one, on Seward and the Chicago nomination. It struck some of us here—perhaps we did not rightly apprehend it—that the pivotal point of that speech—at least as much of it as related to Mr. Seward—was an historical error. Mr. Phillips ascribes the defeat of the New York Senator at Chicago to concessions made by him to the spirit of slavery. Now, the impression prevails here, and apparently everywhere, that that result was owing to causes precisely the opposite. It was Mr. Seward's exactions, not his concessions, on the slave question that made him unacceptable to a portion of his party, and prevented his nomination. He was considered too radically and notoriously anti-slavery to be available. His defeat may have been a just retribution for the abatement of tone in his last speech—and this, perhaps, was what Mr. Phillips meant—but it could hardly be attributed to that as the cause.

Sumner's speech was a grand affair. Nothing like it, in elevation of tone and width of scope, had ever before been heard in that chamber. It was worth, to the author, to the cause and to the country, all that it cost to produce it. For Mr. Sumner it was a great triumph and a revenge. And yet there was nothing vindictive in its tone or spirit. The "bitterness" which is ascribed to it was in its truth. No doubt it stirred the malignant passions of the slave-masters to the deepest depths, but the fault was theirs, not his. His facts were unquestionable, his logic beyond the reach of cavil, and his rhetoric eminently becoming and self-respectful.

Our *North American* and your *Tribune*, and even your *Evening Post*, have deplored the speech as ill-advised, inopportune, and not called for by any present exigency. This is preposterous to the last degree. It will be hailed, and is already hailed, by right-minded men and impartial friends of liberty everywhere, as a well-timed, well-aimed, well-considered, well-uttered speech; pat to the point; germane to the only question before the country, and in all respects just the address that was proper to be delivered by the Senator from Massachusetts at this particular crisis. As a philosophical analysis and statesmanlike exposition, and as a masterly specimen of parliamentary invective, Charles Sumner's speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery" is without a parallel in the history of American legislation. It was a great blunder as well as a mean thing in *The Tribune* to withhold this speech from the readers of its *Daily* issue, and to give them in its stead their regret that the speech had been delivered.

The Rescue Trials, which were spoken of in THE STANDARD, some time since, as forthcoming, have taken place, and with results, though to be regretted, less deplorable than, on the whole, might have been anticipated.

The parties accused were Jeremiah Buck, David Hall, Henry Noxon, Alfred M. Green, St. Clair Burleigh, Basil Hall, and Richard Williams. The indictment, which was in two counts, charged them with violating the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, by attempting to rescue Moses Horner, first, from the custody of the Marshal, and, second, from the custody of his claimant. The trial was before Judge Cadwallader, in the United States District Court. Geo. M. Warton, United States District Attorney, acted for the Government, and Wm. S. Peirce and David Paul Brown were counsel for the defendants. Nearly a week was consumed in hearing the case, and, though there was no excitement, much interest was manifested in behalf of the prisoners. It is due to Judge Cadwallader to say that he tried the case with impartiality, and that his treatment of the defence, including prisoners and counsel, was marked by decorum and courtesy. Mr. Wharton was more zealous in his efforts to get a verdict against the accused than the moral aspects of the case seemed to justify; but still he showed none of the malignity that used, in cases in some respects similar, to characterize his predecessor.

David Paul Brown and Mr. Peirce performed their parts ably and well. Mr. Brown took occasion to put himself right in court on the subject of abolition. He had been an adherent of that faith from the beginning, and begged that that fact might not prejudice the case of his clients in the minds of the jury. What he said on this point was handsomely done, and to his credit, and contrasted favorably with some of his utterances on a similar subject in a previous trial, which were not to his credit.

Mr. Peirce performed his full duty to his clients. He threw his heart into the case, and exhausted all the resources at his command for their benefit. The result was seen in the verdict. Hall and Noxon were acquitted; the rest—Buck, Green, Burleigh, Hall and Williams—were acquitted on the second count, but convicted on the first; that is of attempting to rescue Moses Horner from the custody of the Marshal. The Judge sentenced them each to thirty days' imprisonment and twenty-five dollars fine. He directed them to be taken to the Eastern Penitentiary, stating that he did so because it was his practice to send United States prisoners to that place of confinement, and because he believed that they would find it more comfortable than Moyamensing. The writer of this called at the prison on Saturday, with a view of seeing and saying a word of comfort to these brave and generous fellows, but found that he could not be admitted without a violation of the rules of the institution. He contented himself, therefore, with going to the Marshal's office and, according to instructions received, providing for the payment of the fines of such of the parties as were without means.

There was one thing very striking in this trial; that was the intelligence and high tone of character evinced by the accused. Jeremiah Buck was the first to be tried, and the other parties were allowed to come in as witnesses. A more respectable and intelligent set of men have rarely testified in any court. There was a dignity and self-possession in their manner, and an accuracy and propriety of language in their statements quite unusual with men of any color, taken promiscuously, as these were, from the crowd. The effect was visible upon the court and jury; indeed, some of the latter were open in their expressions of pleasure and surprise. The witnesses for the Government, who were chiefly officers of the Mayor's police, showed no desire to convict the accused, but rather the contrary. Their language toward them was noticeably respectful. The word "nigger," or even *negro*, was not once named among them. "A colored gentlemen," "a colored man." "that gentlemen," were the phrases which, instead of the opprobrious and ribald terms once so common, they used to designate the parties as they had occasion to refer to them.

The amplest testimony was borne to the respectability and general good character of the defendants. Robert Purvis testified that the character of Jeremiah Buck was "unexceptionable"; Horace Binney bore witness equally strong to the worthiness of (his coachman) Richard Williams; and others, not less worthy of belief, testified to the good character of the rest.

On the whole, the effect of the trial on the community and the cause will be good. The facts which it brought out are highly creditable to the party accused and to the class they represent. It was a generous and noble impulse that prompted these men, regardless of consequences to themselves, to attempt the rescue of their manacled brother—a stranger whom they had never seen before; and the people in their heart honor them for it and put it down to the credit of the race. The jury, it is true, found a verdict of guilty, but they could have done nothing less; and the Judge sentenced them to a fine and imprisonment, but—in the extent of each—he might have done much more. The friends of the cause will cheerfully pay the fine, and, while regretting that that is all that is in their power, will warmly sympathize with them in their imprisonment.

We have had a week's visit from the Japanese, and that, too, will do good. They were colored people! And yet the Mayor and all the city dignitaries went out to meet them, and received them with the most distinguished marks of respect. Processions and spectacles were got up for their benefit, and the resources of the city were exhausted for their entertainment.

These things are not lost on the people. They show that prejudice against color has no root in our nature, and that what we call by this name can be made to disappear at the shortest notice, if occasion requires it. "Why is all this fuss made about these people?" we have more than once heard asked by persons who had been to see the Japanese. "We have scores and hundreds of better looking colored people of our own, whom nobody notices," said a freshly naturalized Milesian, unable to repress his disgust. "They are nothing but yallow nagurs"!

And yet these "yallow nagurs" have received marks of attention such as have never been accorded to ambassadors from any other nation. These facts suggest reflections, to a thinking, reading people like ours, which are salutary. These Japanese are not only "colored," but they are "heathens" as well. Nevertheless, in many respects, their personal habits and social manners contrast very favorably with ours. The rudeness of our American populace to these polite and retiring strangers has suggested to many the idea that we were, in some respects at least, more of "heathens" than they, and that their national prejudice against foreigners as "barbarians" was not ill-founded. The result of these reflections is to dissipate prejudice, promote respect for other races, and make our people more cosmopolitan.

So you see the visit of the Japanese, like everything else that turns up, helps the anti-slavery cause. Nothing happens of any public significance that doesn't bring grist to our mill.

M.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS were received in this city on Saturday last with high honors, the whole city turning out to greet them. The complexion of their skins (darker than that of a large portion of the slaves and free negroes) did not deter the high officials of the city from riding in the same carriages with them, nor even prevent the military from doing them honor. What are we coming to?

IN MEMORIAM.—Religious services in commemoration of the death of the late Rev. THEODORE PARKER were held in the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday last. The occasion was one of very deep and thrilling interest, and we shall publish the full report, including the addresses of Messrs. CHARLES M. ELLIS, RALPH WALDO EMERSON and WENDELL PHILLIPS, next week.

JAMES REDPATH wishes us to say, in a word, that the account of his letter to the Political Anti-Slavery Convention lately held in Boston, mentioned in the report of the proceedings of that body in THE STANDARD of the 9th inst., did not quite correctly state the purport of what he wrote.

OBITUARY.

Died, near Avondale, Chester County, Pa., on the 11th inst., of consumption, PRISCILLA GAWTHROP, aged 31 years, wife of James T. Gawthrop, and daughter of Gideon and Rebecca Peirce of Ercildoun.

The death of this woman has plunged in deepest grief her devoted husband, her venerated parents, her loving sisters and brothers, and a wide circle of other relatives and intimate friends, who loved her warmly for her many generous and noble traits of character. It is but a few years since, with every prospect of long life, and happiness as perfect as this world ever affords, she went as a bride to a home of which, ever after, she was the light and joy. One year ago she followed her first-born child to the grave, and now she herself has departed, leaving behind another babe too young to realize the loss it has sustained, and making desolate hearts with whose life her own had been closely linked. Her friends have all the consolation that can be derived from the assurance that she died, as she lived, in full faith of a glorious immortality, and in a spirit of calm resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father. Theirs, too, is the comfort of reflecting that she was an example of fidelity and purity in every relation of life, as well as of devotion to the cause of the slave and to every other righteous reform. By sympathy and cooperation, as well as by the large-heartedness which was the principal charm of her character, she was identified with the Religious Society of Progressive Friends.

The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. Remarks were made on the occasion by Jane Price, a venerable minister of the Society of Friends, and by Oliver Johnson, Joseph A. Dugdale and Mary Anne W. Johnson. As the relatives and friends of the deceased stood around her open grave, the following appropriate lines of Whittier were recited:

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

"Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

"Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

"Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our trust in goodness strong."

Summary.

MONUMENT OF THOMAS H. BENTON.—St. Louis, June 17, 1860.—The committee appointed to raise funds for a marble statue of Hon. Thomas H. Benton have obtained the desired amount ($10,000) and awarded the work to Miss Harriet Hosmer.

JAMES G. BIRNEY, son of the old Free Soil presidential candidate (now deceased), was a prominent aspirant for the Republican nomination for Congress in the Lansing District of Michigan. After eleven ballots he was defeated by 29 to 22, the nomination going to Rowland E. Trowbridge, of Oakland, a farmer.

There is a wonderfully mean man up in Noble County, Indiana. Some time ago he got a divorce from his wife, who, being left without support, became a charge upon the county. The husband solicited, and obtained, the keeping of her; and he *now maintains her as a pauper at the expense of the county!* That is tolerably mean, we think.

THE BROWN TESTIMONIAL FROM HAYTI.—We understand the wife of John Brown was recently in Boston to receive the subscription made up in her behalf and that of her family, and sent by the people of Hayti as a testimonial of their respect and gratitude for one who perished on the scaffold to maintain their rights against those who hold them in bondage. This expression of gratitude amounts to about $30,000.—*New Bedford Mercury, June 6th.*

VIRGINIA QUIETED.—The Savannah papers announce, with much satisfaction, that the annoyances to which Southern gentlemen, travelling through Virginia with their servants have been subject, from the extraordinary vigilance exercised since the John Brown affair, are to be removed by a system of passports on the railroads. Hereafter a man will not have to prove his own identity and his right to his negroes at every station in Virginia, but a passport from any other Southern railroad will be recognized.

REV. P. P. CARPENTER.—The Regents of the University of New York have forwarded to Mr. Carpenter a diploma for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This is the first and only degree of Ph. D. which they have conferred. Mr. Carpenter, after completing the arrangement of the collection of Mazatlan shells which he presented to the State of New York, has spent some months in Washington, D. C., at the Smithsonian Institution, helping to arrange the national collection of natural history there. He is expected to return to Warrington in the course of a few weeks.—*London Inquirer.*

SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN TEXAS.—The Hopkins *Texas Monitor* has a lengthy account of the doings of the negroes in Grayson County. Near Kentuckytown a man named Kincade whipped his negro boy. That same night the negro, while all else were asleep, killed the entire family with an axe; first his master, then his mistress, then an orphan boy and a little babe. The negro confessed his guilt, was tried and hung. Several white men were implicated, but nothing definite was known. A few days after, three more negroes were hung as implicated in the murder. The bodies of the negroes were not suffered to be removed from the trees, but will hang there as warnings to others.

Mr. Gangooly, the converted Brahmin, whose full name, by the way, is Joguth Chunder Gangooly, sailed on Monday in the packet Neptune, for Liverpool. He preached on Monday his farewell address at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy. He will remain for some months in England, and after a brief visit to France and Switzerland, will proceed by the overland route to Hindostan, where he will devote himself to preaching Christianity. A young lady, from the State of Maine, will join him in Calcutta toward the end of the year, and become Mrs. Gangooly. In the meantime she is qualifying herself to assist him in the missionary enterprise to which he has devoted himself.

AN OCTOROON FROM MISSISSIPPI.—A Mississippi planter has purchased the celebrated brick house, No. 142 Prospect street, in Cleveland, Ohio, for his daughter, an octoroon, sixteen years old. He pays Mr. Clark, the recent occupant and proprietor, $7,000 for the house. It is for her use while she is being educated in this city. She will shortly arrive, accompanied by her governess and one or two free servants. A daughter of the Rev. J. C. White has been employed as a general instructor of the young lady. Though born a slave, the octoroon is now free, and the planter will spare no pains or expense to give her a thorough education. Her income, while she resides here, is to be $3,000 a year. The preparations for her advent have created considerable excitement in the immediate neighborhood of the house she is to occupy.

THE GREAT TORNADO.—It now seems that the great tornado of Sunday evening, the 3d inst., was not limited to the 150 miles at first supposed to be its entire track, but actually swept a distance of four hundred miles, starting in western Iowa, crossing Illinois, and penetrating into the heart of Michigan. The chief destruction was, however, done in these 150 miles, on either end of which the storm was only noticeable as a high and furious wind. The relief movement goes forward handsomely in all the Western towns, the list at Chicago being, at last accounts, increased to $3,000, besides valuable contributions of lumber, provisions, clothing, etc. One wing of the tornado still lingers in the rival towns of Clinton and Lyons, just above Camanche, where a vigorous war of words is in progress to settle which was first in at the rescue, or, in firemen's phrase, "which 'masheen' got her hose on the plug first."

STRANGE WOMEN WANTED.—Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck advertises in her last *Sibyl:*

WANTED.

An intending bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding a dusting brush or darning their brothers' stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies, of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare confess they have ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

FREE SPEECH IN MISSOURI.—The Republicans of St. Joseph, Missouri, held a ratification meeting on the 29th ult. The meeting was of course disturbed, grossly and unjustly, by the Democrats, and after it was over, Messrs. Marble and Thompson, of the *Free Democrat* establishment, were attacked and maltreated by the mob. Of course, no Democratic paper in Kansas or Missouri will rebuke these dastardly outrages. Of course, Democrats will continue, as they have hitherto, to go into Republican communities, and preach their nefarious pro-slavery dogmas, without being molested. Well, gentlemen, you may mob Republicans in Missouri to-day; your brave oligarchy may abuse and outrage peaceable citizens for expressing their views upon the political issues of the hour; but thousands of men are now living who will see Missouri a free and redeemed State, and the miserable oligarchs who now rule but to ruin, assigned to the low level where their own base instincts and practices show them to belong.—*Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.*

A NEGRO BURNED AT THE STAKE.—We published, a few days since, a telegram stating that another slave had been burned at the stake in Georgia. The Augusta *Chronicle*, of the 12th instant, furnishes the particulars as follows:

"We learn that a young man named William Smith was killed by a negro on Saturday night last, at or near Bowling Green, in Oglethorpe County. It appears that Mr. Smith was threshing wheat, and, being anxious to finish as early as possible, told the negro, who was standing by, to take hold and help. The negro refused, and replied in an impudent manner to Mr. Smith, who thereupon attempted to correct him, when the boy drew a knife and killed him almost instantly, stabbing him in sixteen places. The negro made his escape, but was arrested on Sunday; and yesterday (Monday) a number of the citizens of Lexington and the surrounding country assembled, and, after due investigation of the facts, he was burned at the stake. Mr. Smith leaves a wife (who was present at the tragic scene) and five children."

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE AFRICAN.—We read in *The Liverpool Albion:* "Before leaving Liverpool on Friday, Lord Brougham and the Lord Bishop of Oxford, accompanied by Mr. William Brown, paid a visit of inspection to the Free Library now being erected in Shaw's Brow, and were conducted over the building by the clerk of the works. At the request of Lord Brougham, an emancipated slave, who, coming over to this country many years ago, served a seven years' apprenticeship with a bricklayer, and is now employed at the new building, was introduced to his lordship, who shook him warmly by the hand, and expressed the delight and gratification afforded to him by seeing a free artisan from Africa amongst English laborers. On receiving from his lordship a present in money, he expressed his gratitude not only for the gift, but also for the exertions of his lordship, but for which, he said, he should very likely not have been in his present position

Miscellaneous Department.

A HARVEST SONG.

The toil of day is ended,
The night is at her noon;
And the harvest song swells blithely up
Beneath the harvest-moon:
Then tread a quicker measure,
And chant a louder strain;
With dance and song the days prolong
That bring the golden grain.

From out the distant mountain
Comes the voice of the cascade,
And the nearer gleam of its silver stream
Makes glad the silent glade;
Through all the shadowy forest
Is heard the fall of leaves—
And the timid hare treads stealthily
Among the nodding sheaves.

And now, on every hill-side,
The purple vintage glows;
And o'er it a deeper radiance falls
From daylight at its close:
No time is it for sadness,
Despondency, or fear,
When autumn comes in gladness
To crown the fruitful year.

Dear is the pleasant leaf-time,
When all is sere around:
When frost-imprisoned rivulets
Are melting into sound;
And dear, too, is the season
When spring and summer meet;
When the woods are faint with odors,
And the hills are dim with heat.

But spring is but for pasture,
And summer but for show,
While autumn, like a crowned king,
Has riches to bestow;
So he shall be the monarch
Of all the shining year,
And a crown he shall wear, and a sceptre bear,
Of fruits, and the golden ear.

—*Chambers's Journal.* W. S.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MAUD CLINTON,

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

[Continued from last week.]

Would *she* like being a slave? she thought. No; she was sure that she would not like it. But then *she* was a white woman, an educated woman. It was very different with the slaves. But not always, either; for there was Patty, her own maid, who was as white as she was, and who was quite as intelligent, though not so well educated. But whose fault was that? She had desired to have Patty sent to school with her; but her father had refused, saying,

"The law will not allow it, my dear."

So, then, the law prevented slaves from cultivating their intellect. Was *that* right? Would *she* like that? No, she would not, indeed: and it was her duty to do to others as she would that they should do to her. And it was everybody's duty to do so. She said that clearly enough. It was her father's duty to give freedom to every one of his slaves: it was, certainly. She meant to set the case in order before him, and prevail on him to walk up to the mark of duty.

Thus far Maud progressed before sleep fell upon her eyes that night.

To her, her father was so fond and indulgent that she had no fears in approaching him on even the dangerous subject of her musings.

The Colonel heard her patiently through, and then laughed in her face.

"They would not take their freedom if they could get it, Goosie," he said.

"You can try them, father; and if they really will not go free, I will never say any more on the subject: but so sure do I feel that to hold any human being in involuntary servitude is wrong—unless they are State criminals—that I want my father to clear himself of it immediately. Call up the house slaves; send for the field hands; put the matter to vote, and see how many men and women there are who would rather be our slaves than their own free men."

Maud was so eager that it was no wonder that her father was amused. Silly thing! she thought he was going to call up the slaves and give them their choice.

"But do you really want me thus to get rid of all my wealth? What would become of *you*, my child?"

"Oh! I could work for you and for myself, if need were: but we should have the same land, and we could hire all the help we want. I don't see why it need make us so poor to free our slaves."

"Well, my dear, they would be obliged to remove from the State were they to be freed. We could not keep them: there is a law against it."

"What! is law an instrument of oppression, injustice and cruelty? I begin to think so. One law forbidding people to become scholars, and another forbidding them to remain in their native home, just because they have the misfortune to be born of negro blood. Father, *the whole thing* is wicked and hateful. I hate it. *I* will not own a slave."

"What will my little abolitionist do?" said her sire.

"I'll free them, every one, as fast as I get them," she said.

"Then I shall take heed how I give any to you, my dear."

"I must talk to brother when he comes home."

For Maud had a brother, younger than herself, who was absent in a Northern college; but he was almost through his studies. Another month would see him back upon the plantation. This brother was, in consequence of parental neglect, not a very agreeable or promising youth. He had imbibed an opinion of his father's wealth which led him to spend money freely, and to be just as overbearing and as idle as he pleased. There was no satisfying him with money; he was always advising the sale of some fine slave or another, that he might pocket the cash. His father, though not fond of this youth, seldom crossed his wishes or denied him a request: but, besides all the money allowed him, the son obtained other supplies, in ways not exactly honest. Indeed, he had been known to coax off several small children, the smartest on the plantation, and sell them to the traders before either his father or the children's parents knew what he was doing. Here was a hopeful subject for Maud's new efforts. Nevertheless, when Benjamin came home, she explained to him her plans and wishes, and got ridiculed without mercy for her pains.

"Why, you foolish girl! niggers were made for slaves; that was the original design of Providence. 'Tis a self-evident fact. And they are happier and better off so than they would be if free. The free niggers North are a miserable set—nobody to take care of them, nor to"—

"Sell them away from their families, nor to flog them half to death, nor to give them scanty fare and hard, hard toil, from morning until night. In short, no one to be a tyrant over them. They *are* to be pitied. I wonder why they don't all rush down here and ask to be taken as slaves," interrupted Maud.

"I'll be trounced if you aren't a regular abolitionist," said the young man, somewhat angrily; "you'd better shut up such talk, or the first thing you'll know you'll get a coat of tar and feathers. It's *treason* to go on as you do. Did you know *that*, Miss?"

"Then I am a traitor," said Maud, nothing daunted.

"And I will be one. For do you suppose that I am not going to speak my mind in regard to a matter which I see to be opposed to every law of love and justice, and in which I am likely to be deeply involved?"

"I reckon you'll learn shortly that silence is wisdom, if such are your opinions. Come, Maud, don't make a fool and a spectacle of yourself; look at the matter reasonably. Slavery is not opposed to justice, or God would never have tolerated it, as he certainly has done: and it is not opposed to love either, for, as I told you, the poor creatures are better taken care of as slaves than they would be as free men."

"God never, for one instant, tolerated what we call slavery: in fact, there never, in any age, was slavery like ours to tolerate. Among the Hebrews, families were not allowed to be separated, and one single injury to a slave from his master set him free. The law was as open to him as to his master, and as powerful in his behalf. The Roman slave was not half so low as ours. The slave-woman's child of a free father was never a slave because its mother was a slave, but it and its mother became free because its father was free. I've been looking into this matter, Ben."

"I should say you had, by ——" The young man used strong expressions, such as we never repeat.

"And I have up my mind *fully*," continued Maud, "that were there not one other obligation resting on slaveholders to rid themselves of this institution, the words of Christ, 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' and 'Whatsoever things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,' would be command and obligation abundantly sufficient. Those words, Ben, cut the whole system into ribbons; they render it impossible for any person of good understanding to continue a slaveholder, and yet to possess the spirit of Jesus Christ. And I want to know if even you suppose that any one can be His, if he have not the spirit of Christ? I want to know, Ben, if even *you* think that a man's professions of Christianity *can* be sincere, if he still holds on to unwilling slaves?"

"Why, as to that," said Ben, "if we are to judge of niggers as we do of white folks, it must be admitted that keeping them slaves is hardly doing as a fellow would be done by; but I think that they are as willing to be slaves as to be anything else. And as to parting them, what do they care for it? I've seen them laughing and cracking their jokes as merrily as any one, while waiting for their turn on the auction-block."

"*Who* did you see doing that, Ben? Was it a mother—a wife—a father?"

"Well, it is, to be sure, generally, the men without families, and the boys, that best enjoy the fun of changing; but I've seen married men, and girls, too, that took it all in good part. The girls fix up to be sold as though they were going to a ball or a wedding."

"So much the worse for them. They are kept so low and ignorant that they hardly know right from wrong. But though the hard, the careless and the vain may not feel the degradation and the misery, the same class of whites would be just as insensible to everything but the fact of the *imposition* practised on them. There are numberless others who feel the whole woe and wrong of the case. When our Nancy was sent off to be sold, I thought my heart would break to hear her shrieks and cries for her babies. She behaved so badly when father gave the pretty little creatures away to Mrs. Johnson, that he threatened to sell her then. She quieted down suddenly, and, the third day after Mrs. Johnson left, the poor old cat made her appearance before us with her recovered treasures in her arms. She had walked the whole twenty miles without discovery the night but one before, and back again, with her children, the last night, and here she was, more dead than alive, as you may well believe. I begged and prayed of father to allow Nance to retain the children; but he would not disoblige Mrs. Johnson, who had taken so great a liking to them, so back they were sent, with a note of apology. I declared that if she was so anxious for the children she should purchase the mother also; but that she had no desire to do. In fact, she wished the children to *forget* their poor mother, as she had taken them for her especial pets and favorites. After losing her babes the second time there was no living with Nance, and father soon sold her to a trader. When she discovered that she was to be taken away where she could get to her little ones never more, her groans and prayers and cries were heart-rending. And there are many, *many* heart-rending scenes taking place even *here*, Ben, on this plantation, as I have discovered by going about in person to observe slave life in the field. That man Decro, the driver, is a hard and severe man. He cuts up the slaves unmercifully; and I heard him say to father that he would rather whip a negro than eat his dinner. I expected, I *hoped*, that father would knock him over; but he only laughed. Oh, dear me! I would we were poor Northern laborers, rather than rich, at the price our riches cost. What will it profit us to own hundreds of slaves, and to roll in wealth, if, in the end, we lose our own souls, as we *certainly shall*—I *feel* it—if we refuse to let the bound go free."

(To be continued.)

MAN AND THE FUTURE.

A SERMON,

Preached at Music Hall, Boston, before the Congregation of Theodore Parker, Sunday Morning, June 10, 1860,

BY THEODORE TILTON.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 John, iii., 2.

The principle of the association of ideas unlocks the gate to many strange secrets of our nature. You have noticed how certain striking events or incidents, occurring in one period of life, project themselves down through all the remainder of it; coming up again and again before your mind, without any effort at recollection, and apparently by an association so remote and untraceable as to appear a process of original suggestion.

A picture which you have once seen, perhaps in some chance stroll through the Athenæum, comes up afterward before your mind, you know not why, and you see it almost as vividly as if you were once more looking at the actual canvas, hanging in its familiar place on the wall. A scene of foreign travel—in England, on the Alps, or among the Pyramids—even if your eye has fallen upon it but once and for an instant—flashes itself afresh upon your mind after you are three thousand miles away, sitting in your easy chair at home. The tolling of a church bell, breaking suddenly upon your ear, reopens at your feet some distant grave of father or mother, long dead, over whose head the stones are crumbling and the moss is green. A little white ribbon, so slender that you may break it with your finger as you break a thread, is nevertheless strong enough to ring in your ear the whole ponderous chimes of the belfry, making the air merry again with the long-hushed music of marriage bells. You give to quiet meditation the hour of the twilight, and the whole vision of your childhood comes up before your mind, glowing more vividly than the scenes of the day just closed.

So you may sit, hour by hour, plucking straws out of the sheaf of memory; and often will you find them, even after they have long been garnered, well-nigh as golden as when they first sprang up, new and fresh experiences, growing and blossoming out of your life.

There are moments of revelation of the past which show that we lose no part of it out of the mind's grasp; that, as we grow older day by day, we do not leave the past behind us, but rather throw it forward, to meet it again and again during the whole period of our life.

The power of a strong memory, even in its ordinary, unquickened state, is astonishing. So few people cultivate the memory that they are often-times incredulous of well-authenticated instances of remarkable retentiveness. Pascal forgot nothing that he ever read or thought. Ben Jonson could recall every line which he had ever written. A blind Scotchman in Glasgow, who died a few years ago, could repeat the entire Scriptures, Old Testament and New.

Strange as it may seem, the very fact of our sometimes forgetting proves that we never forget! A man says, "I have forgotten a name!" You ask, "Was it Charles?" "No." "Was it Henry?" "No." "Was it William?" "No." "Was it Mary?" "Yes." Now, why did he answer "No" at all the wrong names, and "Yes" only at the right one? Because the name of Mary, although he could not at the moment recall it, nevertheless had previously been spoken in his hearing, and, having once passed into his mind, could never again pass out or be lost. So, forgetfulness is only memory asleep; and often-times the slightest touch or jar will rouse it from its dream.

This is the power of memory in its natural state; but how much greater is its power under some sudden and remarkable stimulus! I recall at this moment an old instance mentioned in Abercrombie, of a poor woman, sick in a hospital, who, during a fever, talked in her sleep. The physician drew near to hear what she was saying, and to ascertain whether there was any coherency in her speech. She began to talk of the condition of other patients, describing, with singular minuteness, the aspects of their disease. The physician queried whether these remarks could apply to any of the patients in the hospital; but, on looking round at the various sick beds, he could see no proper application whatever. Calling some other physicians to examine the case, they all approached the bedside and listened attentively. One of the number then recollected the face of the woman as that of a patient who had been in the hospital some two years before, sick with a similar fever; and when some of the nurses were called, they not only recognized her, but, as she murmured in her sleep, discovered that her remarks applied with wonderful precision to the sick persons in the hospital two years before. So that those impressions which, during her two years of comparative restoration to health, had remained entirely dormant, now again, the moment the hot hand of the fever was laid upon her a second time, were quickened into this strange and almost miraculous life.

It is a well-known fact that, to men brought into sudden peril—to men, for instance, in danger of drowning—there comes flashing in upon their minds the whole panoramic scene of their past life. A friend of mine told me, a few days ago, of an accident which occurred to a relative of his while riding through one of the recently-broken roads in West Philadelphia. His horse became frightened and ran away; the rider feared that he would be dashed to pieces upon a pile of rough stones that lay by the side of the road; but, escaping without harm, he afterwards said that in that one solitary instant of imminent peril there flashed through his mind a vision of all his past life—his childhood, his youth, his early manhood, his business, his family!

The resurrection of memory is a psychological fact which science has proved and no man can gainsay. Every impression made upon the mind is abiding. What is written on this tablet endures as if it were written on tables of stone. There is no oblivion! The old mythological Water of Lethe, into which a sad thought, once dropped, was fabled to be drowned forever, never flowed except in the myth!

In the present state of knowledge, the philosophy of men's minds is, to a great extent, beyond men's reach; and yet, while we do not know enough to satisfy our curiosity, we know more than enough to excite our wonder.

When, therefore, an impression seeks to stamp itself upon the mind, what is the mind's process? A metaphysician will explain it in this way. He will say to you: The mind is a self-active power—one and indivisible; an impression once made upon it cannot be obliterated until the mind itself, or some part of it, is annihilated; but an annihilation of our immortal spirit is impossible; and so the mind's treasures of thought, knowledge, experience—its various and innumerable impressions, more complex than language can describe, or thought conceive—are never lost, but remain safely locked within their mysterious casket, whose store is thus increasing day by day into a hoarded wealth richer than all jewels and precious stones! Sir William Hamilton said that the problem is, not how an intellectual impression could endure, but how it could ever vanish away.

The mind, therefore, is a great book of life, on which, every day, is written a new record; a varying tale of varying experiences—of mingled lights and shadows—of sunny memories and sad—of generous thoughts and base—of high aims and low—of the perpetual struggle of our physical with our spiritual nature, in which sometimes the victory is on one side and sometimes on the other; all goes into the record of the mind, and the record is abiding!

Look at a man! His various faculties are so many open gates through which, during every hour and every day, there passes into his mind troop after troop of thoughts, fancies, experiences—an unseen multitude that no man can number—entering in, like the great host which the Seer in the Apocalypse beheld marching into the Holy City, "to go no more out forever!"

The galleries of the Louvre, in Paris, are a succession of saloons, hung with every rare canvas which the French empire has been rich enough to buy with money, or victorious enough to win by arms. You walk from one room into another, greeted on every side by the works of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Poussin, Claude, and all the rest, until at last you know not whether you are more tired with walking or with gazing! But there is a greater gallery than the Louvre, hung with pictures painted by diviner hands than Raphael's; a great canvas of wondrous magnificence, on which well-nigh half the world is pictured; and yet all rolled up like a panorama, and hid in a single little spot behind the pupil of the eye! How many gorgeous scenes have been painted on it! How many of God's landscapes, gilded with the glory of the sun's rising and setting! How many marvellous frescoes of the sky, tinged with every changing tint of varying cloud; night, with its stars and blue vault; day, with its blazing sun above and the broad beauty of field and flood and forest beneath! How many different copies of "the human face divine"—countenances of friends and of strangers; men whom you have never saluted or known, but who, as they have passed you in the streets, have nevertheless crowded their quick photographic imprints into the sensitive camera of your brain—making a great gallery of portraits of every human being on whom your eyes have ever looked! Now, what if, by some sudden touch of reviving recollection, all these scenes and images could be made to flash before you at a single view—exposed, like the pictures of the Louvre, in one magnificent display! How grand would be the disclosure beyond all power of words to describe, beyond all capacity of thought to conceive!

I went once into the library of a musician, a well-known American composer. On the shelves and floor, lying in careless confusion, were the printed scores of all the great symphonies and operas, and of every famous musical work. There, covered with dust and hushed into silence, were the rare harmonies of Haydn and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, waiting only for harp or flute or violin to waken them at any moment into a charmed and magical life! Now, what if every dingy score, by some sudden gift of power, could have suddenly burst out into its own musical strain! What a wonderful combination of sounds would have reverberated through the house, shaking it from street to roof, in every beam and window-pane, as a thousand great organs would shake some grand cathedral in its arches, walls, and spire! But there is a still more wonderful musical score lying mute and hidden in the closet of the ear; a score wherein is written, with indelible impressions, the sounds of all voices which you have ever heard—the notes of birds; the sighings of winds; the murmuring of waters; words whispered in secret places, and trumpets blown upon the walls; tones of love and of hate; voices of passion and of prayer; the ringing of bells; the songs of children; the cries of the distressed; the lowing of cattle; the hum of the streets; the shouts of the multitude—every sound that ever fled trembling through the air to take its perpetual refuge in the secret chambers of the ear! And what if all the great orchestra within us—hushed and silent now—could suddenly find utterance for its full score! Poor deaf Beethoven, sitting at his harpsichord, and touching the keys without hearing a note which they made—his ears as dull as yonder bronze statue in this hall*—would not have been so much astonished and bewildered, if suddenly his whole Heroic Symphony had poured its tumultuous floods of sound upon his awakened sense!

My friends, we are unconsciously the faithful historians of our own lives. We are journalists of every hour! We are chroniclers of every thought. No event happens in our life but it straightway passes into the archives of the mind. Our lives are daily making haste, with the quick succession of the suns, to crowd themselves into an imperishable record. Every act and thought goes instantly into registry, and remains forever. What we have done can never be undone. What we have said remains engraved as if we had sculptured the record in the solid rock. Nothing escapes its immortality. Even things little and trivial become great and grand by reason of their eternity.

What do we count momentary and ephemeral? Is there anything in the wide world more fleeting and evanescent than a shadow on the wall? You lay your hand upon it; but you can feel nothing! It smites you rudely in the face; but you are not conscious of the blow! It walks the streets by your side, treading the same pavement; yet you never heard its footstep! How many times a day it flies in and out of the house on rapid wings, through opening and shutting doors; and always as noiseless as a dream! Was there ever a something which so much appeared to be a nothing? But Prof. Draper, by a beautiful experiment, has proved that every passing shadow that flits momentarily across the floor, or creeps slowly round the dial, leaves behind it a substantial impression—invisible, yet as real and enduring as the visible record of a fossil embedded in a rock. What strange hieroglyphics, therefore, are written in our houses! The old miracle is renewed, of the mysterious hand-writing on the wall! But what a still more wonderful and mysterious record is that of every yearning thought that has thrown itself forward in the light of the eternal world, and graven its shadow against the background of the future!

For as every shadow is a substance, so every thought is a thing. Every tenuous fancy that comes flickering into the mind, and goes flickering out, is an imperishable creation, before which the adamant itself shall be destroyed! Do you think that to-day blots out yesterday? No! Yesterday remains! The mind, like God who made it, is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever." It is said that the light of fixed stars continues to shoot forward through space, long after the stars themselves are extinct—like swift arrows still speeding from a bow that has snapped. So our life shall continue forever and ever through the future, long after the body, which now bears it about, has dropped away!

Nor do I believe that we shall ever lose a single trait of our essential individuality; for we are sending forward true transcripts of our actual selves. A new message of our life is every hour flying up toward heaven. Nor does this record depend, for its truthfulness, upon any conscious accuracy of ours in recording it; for we could not make it lie, if we would. We have no power of bribing the mind into making false entries. We need not attempt to deceive ourselves; God is not mocked! The picture which we are painting of our own life is as true as the sun's portrait of our own face. A French photographer undertook, with a quick instrument, to seize a photographic imprint of a cannon-ball at the moment of its discharge from the cannon's mouth. He set his camera beside the gun-carriage, and, after the instantaneous operation was ended, took out his plate, with great anxiety to see what would appear. The round ball was plainly imaged forth, and, to his astonishment, in the centre of it—like a portrait in a frame—was an imprinted likeness of the gunner's face, which the bright flash of the discharge had photographed equally with the ball! This may seem singular and almost fanciful; but how much greater is the marvel, that every thought which leaps out of the human mind and goes plunging onward toward the future, bears upon it the faithful imprint and image of him who thinks and utters it!

What a volume are we writing of our lives, and daily sending forward the pages into the future! This of itself were enough to be the Book of Judgment of which all men stand in awe! St. Paul says: "Now we know in part; but we shall know even as also we are known." To this full knowledge, how fast are we attaining! How unceasingly we are accumulating sensations! How rapidly our lives are multiplying into infinity! The soul, before its release from the flesh, begins already to feel what the Apostle so grandly calls "the power of an endless life." And yet the more we measure it, the more is it immeasurable! The higher we climb into it, the higher it reaches above us! We cannot conceive, even in the utmost stretch of our minds, any adequate idea of the magnitude of the other life, as compared with this.

Sit down in some quiet moment and undertake to count the complex thoughts that pass through your mind in a single hour, going in and out, like the lights and shadows intermingled, that fall through green trees when the sun shines above. Can you count them? No more can you count your thoughts for a day! But what is a day to your whole life, and what is your mortal life to your immortal?

I went yesterday into your beautiful grounds at Mount Auburn. Sitting on the summit of a hill, weary with the toil of the ascent, I plucked a clover-head from the grass, and, in a half-abstracted mood, picked it to pieces. You know the head of red clover—a round, globular disk, crowded so thickly with florets that they seem scarcely to have room to stand without pushing each other off! Now, plucking out one little floret by itself, how small is it compared with the whole big, round head!—yet how small is the clover-head, compared with all the grass among which it grew!—and how small is the grass compared to the whole hill-side, sloping to Charles River!—and how small is the hill-side to the wide landscape which the horizon bounds!—and how small is the circle of the horizon to the great continent itself!—and how small is the continent to the whole globe with all its great oceans!—nay, how small is our own globe, compared with the great system of which it is a planet!—but how little even is the planetary system itself, when compared with the universe, in which it appears only as a speck in God's creation! Now, when your mind has travelled, by successive steps, from things small to things great, until your thought grasps the whole universe of God, so far as you have the capacity to conceive it—suppose you then hold up the little floret of clover, crumbling to pieces between your fingers, and compare it with the grandeur and magnificence of the whole universe! How more than insignificant it seems! But so is the littleness of our mortal life compared with the greatness of our immortal! So is the present to the future! How far is it beyond the power of the human mind to conceive!

But imagine, if possible, what would be the wondrous effect upon our own minds if, instead of seeing ourselves as the mortal creatures which we now appear, we could see ourselves as we shall be in the eternal world! You know it is said that travellers in the Alps, under certain favoring conditions of the atmosphere, while going up toward the mountain-tops, are sometimes startled and stricken with awe to behold, painted on the clouds over their heads, their own figures, magnified to colossal proportions. But, what if, in a rare and lofty mood, in which, as it were, we are exalted to some mountain-top, we could see ourselves pictured in the future, with a likeness which we should all recognize, yet upon that grand scale which the heavens themselves are not too large to compass! How, if we could behold that vision, would we stand awed and trembling before the magnitude of our life!

But what if we could see not only ourselves as we shall stand disclosed in the future, but our fellow-men as well! What if every human creature, even those upon whom we now look as low and degraded, as vile and worthless, as chattels and merchandise, could stand even but for one moment revealed before us in the lineaments of their immortal life! How, at once, would every unworthy thought with which we have ever regarded our fellow-men—even the least and lowest as insignificant and of small account—vanish away forever and ever! With what shame would we then remember that we had ever stood looking into the faces of God's children, without recognizing, not merely the humanity that is in them, but their divinity too! For man is created in the image of God; and as we now bear the image of the earthly, we shall hereafter bear the image of the heavenly!

In view of such a nature, and of such a future, how are we shaping our lives? How are we forming our characters? To what end are we living?

In the ordinary affairs of life, the difference between having a purpose and having no purpose, is the difference between success and failure. What is men's forethought in reference to their spiritual life, as compared with their unceasing sagacity in reference to their physical? I have in my library in Brooklyn a picture, taken in Italy, of the famous statue of Venus di Medici. The faultless symmetry of the figure has excited the marvel of the world. I have sometimes thought, in going again and again to look at it, how easy it would have been, by a single wrong blow of the hammer, by a single wrong slant of the chisel, to have spoiled the harmonious lines of an arm, or a hand, or a foot, and to have entirely destroyed that wonderful effect by which now the solid stone seems to have been rounded out almost into a living creature. But the artist worked according to a pre-conceived plan, fashioning his marble, as nearly as the hand can model the thought, into a perfect pattern of the ideal in his mind.

Men are wise with chisel and stone; wiser than with thought and life. Every man is every day, consciously or unconsciously, sculpturing his character; and his work, whether good or bad, shall last longer than the blocks of Phidias. Yet, of all the busy workers, how few have any pattern for their work! How few have any definite purpose! How few have any lofty and noble aim! How few look beyond the present? How many shut their eyes almost entirely against the future! How many are moulding themselves by no higher ideal than the mere caprice and whim of the passing day, without thought or care for a beautiful, symmetrical and well-developed life! Yet if a mere chance stroke may spoil the marble, how much more may a mere chance purpose blemish the soul! If men are studious, night and day, in carving that which perishes, how much more studious and careful should they be in moulding that which is to last forever?

What is the true ideal for every man's work? Let me give you the highest, the Christian ideal! Nor, in giving it, will I point you to any theological formula; for there is a common mistake in the world, that men are to be made according to the pattern of creeds, whereas creeds are to be made according to the pattern of men. I am looking into the faces of a multitude of men and women, few of whom, perhaps, would be willing to rank themselves with me to-day as standing within the circle of my orthodox and Calvinistic faith. Yet I may and will summon you to stand with me—heterodox and orthodox together—or, changing terms if you choose, calling myself heterodox and you orthodox—on one common Catholic platform of the Broad Church.

What is the Broad Church? St. Paul is its Apostle, and here is its creed! Listen, while I administer to you and to myself alike, a common confession of faith:

"Finally, brethren," says the Apostle, "whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Fit words for an Apostle to utter; words which only an Apostle can fulfil!

Truth! Honesty! Justice! Purity! Love! This is shorter than the Shorter Catechism, and better than the Longer! This is a creed undisputed! This is a body of divinity from which no man can dissent! Yet this is a comprehensive epitome of Christianity, crowded into a single text of St. Paul! Is this your faith? Then, this too is mine; and so we are in fellowship! I may quote the old words, "What doth hinder that we should be baptized?" I may quote also those other old words, "Who maketh us to differ?" It is the head that has divided the church: it is the heart that must bring it together! What singular, distorted creatures we are! Look at it! There are men whose heads are more than a hundred years apart, yet whose hearts are beating side by side to-day! But God's right hand, resting on us in benediction, is broad enough to cover us all!

Now here, drawn by the hand of St. Paul, is the pattern of a noble life, according to which we are to fashion ours! These are Apostolic traits! Take them in order! Truth; how many men never have coined a lie? Honesty; how many men never have practised a deceit? Justice; how many men never have wronged a fellow-man? Purity; how many men have walked through life with white robes, unspotted of the world? Love; how many men never have borne malice in their hearts?

Summon men to march before you in long procession, and look at them as they pass! How few bear evidence in their faces that they are self-sacrificing and unselfish? How few have God's illumination on their foreheads? How few Apostles walk the streets!

Oh! my friends, with what words shall I inspire you to-day to a higher sense of the dignity of your life? With what appeal shall I rouse you to a fresh resolution to develop your character according to a nobler ideal? We need to rise higher; we need to breathe purer air; we need to live nobler lives!

What is our great hindrance? The hindrance is in allowing our higher nature so often to be overcome by our lower. We are ruled by the flesh, not by the spirit. We live by our mortality, not by our immortality. What shall free us from the bondage of this death? In one of the exquisite legends that have come down to us among the apocryphal traditions of Christ, he is represented as a little boy at play among his companions, who all, and he with the rest, are gathered round a pool, moulding with their hands out of the soft clay little images of sparrows, and arranging them in mute mimicry of birds drinking at the water brink. After the children had finished their play (as the legend runs), the infant Jesus, standing among them, suddenly clapped his hands, and the clay-birds, feeling the power of the divine miracle, awoke into life, spread their wings, and flew away, singing, into the sky! My friends, we are like the clay-sparrows—of the earth, earthy; drinking at stagnant pools; and we need the power of some divine thought—we need the inspiration of some higher idea—to quicken our deadness into life; to give us wings by which our souls can fly away, singing, towards heaven. Is there not such a thought in the richness, the fulness, the boundlessness of our life, especially when we think of it as stretching away far beyond our reach and comprehension, and evermore growing greater and grander through all the eternal years?

Such a view teaches us how to discriminate between what is our real and what is only our seeming good. It interprets those strange events and conditions which some men call providence, and others fate; but the issues of both of which are held alike in God's hand.

Are you an invalid?—your right hand of achievement weakened, your energetic purpose thwarted and defeated, your hopes turned into disappointments? Do you say complainingly, lamenting your condition, "Alas! my life is worthless!" Courage! *No* human life is worthless! Who are the noblest Christian men and women of our day? Not they whose lives are spent in the face of the world, building marble monuments—under which they shall at last lie down, with these to perpetuate their memory; but, rather, they who, amid whatever disaster of outward condition, are still evermore refining the inward spirit; they who, amid whatever poverty and weakness in their bodily estate, are still evermore growing rich and riches in faith towards God!

Go into the sick chamber of some patient sufferer, who, for half a lifetime—stricken with some infirmity—has been shut up to helplessness and pain! Four narrow walls exclude the great world and all its prospects and fair hopes; yet, after all, there is something in that sick chamber which makes it a more holy place than a cathedral aisle; the very air seems softened into an Indian summer, as if by a divine breath; God's own presence is there, shedding a visible glory around the pale face! Tell me, is that a worthless life? No; that is sainthship!—nearer than you or I will ever attain to it, on this side of the gate! The old poetic line is true—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Have you sat, through some anxious day of sorrow, rocking your child's cradle, wondering whether the little sleeper would ever waken again in this world? And has God's hand—suddenly stretched forth in the dead hour of the night—touched the flushed cheek and blanched it forever whiter than a statue? Then I call you to bear witness whether, in such bereavement, your own thought has not taken wings at that empty cradle-side, and flown upward, higher than ever before, toward the gate of Heaven! For, as out of the grave comes the resurrection of the body—transformed and glorified; so out of the grave's sorrow comes the resurrection of the soul—quickened anew into a diviner life. That which, measured by your present life, you account a loss, becomes oftentimes, measured by your future life, an unspeakable gain. One day is with God as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

Such a view gives us a proper estimate of the world; of its worth and its worthlessness. We have a common proverb, that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away." But this view teaches us that nothing is worthy of the name of riches that has wings to fly away. A man, for instance, spends long years in the Indies, gathering a fortune; by and by, impelled by a strong yearning for home and native land, he sells all his goods; and so, gathering them within the compass of some single rich jewel, like the Koh-i-noor, he begins his voyage. Some beautiful night, on board ship, when the moon is shining, and when all the brightness of the sky invites him to open his casket that the light may sparkle upon his gem, he holds it uncovered in his hand, and the diamond sparkles and coruscates, flashing from every angle a flaming light. Moved by some sudden impulse, he holds the jewel over the ship's side that it may reflect a double ray from orb above and wave beneath, when, by some accidental jar, it drops from his fingers, and goes down—like a sinking phosphorescent spark—to the bottom of the sea! I ask you now what has happened to this man?—What has he lost? Any faculty of his mind? any power of hope? any yearning of the soul? any of his immortal part? Is he any the less a man, after his jewel has been buried under the wave? I tell you, my friends—you who do business in this city—it is a man's Christian duty, sometimes, to take his fortune and hold it in his right hand, and, if necessary, of his own thought and voluntary will, to throw it to the four winds, saying, "Now, what of me is gone? everything that makes me a man still remains!" Tell me, gentlemen of State street, what do you call a successful day? Is it a day when you can count, like the Merchant of Venice, so many rich argosies landed at the Rialto? Is it a day when your bargains have been most prospered? Is it a day when your exchanges of merchandise have returned the greatest gains of gold into your purse? I appeal to your own experience: have you not, after some such day, when everything has gone well with you, when every transaction has passed most successfully, when you have put most blood and brain into your business—have you not, in going home in the twilight of some such day, said to yourselves, "Well, after all, what is my business? what is my fortune? There is something higher than all this!" I know that, stealing into your minds, in such moments, there have come strange thoughts of things above you, and that often, as you walk the street, you have trod the world as a very little thing under your feet! Nay, have there not been hours when you have risen above it, as the morning lark rises above the meadow grass?

In such hours, when your higher mood sits in judgment upon your lower, how worthless the lower appears! I have known men—I call up before me at this moment the venerable presence of an old man recently gone down into the grave—whose life, as I daily witnessed it, seemed to be habitually more under the power of the other world than under the united power of all the influences of this! It is said that Sir Walter Scott, when he was writing his novels, had a favorite habit of pushing his writing-desk near the window, and drawing the curtains until a flood of sunshine poured down upon the paper on which he was writing—almost blinding his eyes, but quickening him in his work! So there are some men who are continually pressing closer and closer to the divine light, crowding themselves nearer and nearer to God until his very glory smites them upon the face!

Such a view of our life, and its destiny, is fitted to give fresh courage and inspiration to those who are engaged in the world's battles of reform. It glorifies the right against the wrong. It dignifies minorities. It crowns men whom the age is afraid to crown. It gives a true man courage to stand in the forefront of his times—with all men against him!—with only God on his side! It teaches men that in the scales of eternal justice the truth and the right outweigh the frown and the jeer. It gives, in the midst of present defeat, a sure hope of victory in the end. Brave men's labors that go unrewarded in their own time shall have the greater reward by and by! Reward? Has not Christ said, "The last shall be first, and the first last"? Has He not said, "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it"? If men were only wise, they would not, in seeking for honor, be afraid to be just and true. They would not sacrifice for present popularity that which alone can give any man a title-deed to a fair and honorable record in the future. Annie of Austria once said to Cardinal Richelieu, "My lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but he pays at last!" We can afford to trust ourselves to God's service without reward for a season; for certain it is that the reward will come in the end! The men now living whom the next generation will remember with the most gratitude are those whose names now go passing up and down your streets as by-words. The history of mankind is little more than an unbroken record of reversed judgments. The hiss of to-day is the applause of to-morrow. The next generation stamps the medal of the age on the other side, with a different image and superscription.

When God sees a noble and true man standing for the right in the midst of a corrupt age, He drops out of Heaven a crown to fall upon his head; but oftentimes the clamorous and hating multitude, gathering around him in fierce opposition, fill the air so thick with their hisses that the airy symbol comes fluttering slowly down, and does not appear within men's sight until it falls with late honor upon his grave. I stand to-day—with unworthy feet!—in the honored place of a brave man, around whom, even in this city of his best labors, the air has been thickened by the breath of popular hate! Envious men, following him with unfriendly eyes across the sea, saw him walking under the sunshine of Italy, and recognized no halo about his head; yet, before many coming months or years, these same critical eyes may yet marvel to see that the tardy crown has fallen and blossomed upon his grave!

Coming here to-day, so soon after your bereavement, it seemed to me appropriate that I should bring to you, if possible, some high and inspiring thought of the other life. For we all look too much around us, and too little above us. Any solemn event—like this recent death—which links the two worlds more closely together, teaches us that we ought to set our minds more habitually upon greater and higher things; that we ought oftener to look up into God's face, that the brightness of His may illumine the darkness of ours!

How shall we learn to be better men and women? Toward what shall we set our hearts? With what shall we kindle our hopes? How shall we lift ourselves into a higher plane? By what study shall we learn the way of a nobler life? It is said that poor, illiterate Italian shop-women and peasants are better connoisseurs of art than the educated classes of London. Why? Because every beggar that goes hungry through the streets of Rome has, nevertheless, feasted himself on Raphael's Transfiguration. So, amid the ignorance and poverty of our mortal life—for, as compared with the richness of the heavenly estate, we are now but as beggars walking the streets—we may draw down a strange culture to ourselves, a mysterious refinement of the spirit, by looking steadfastly, reverently, and only, at things which are high and pure?

And of all that is high, rapturous and glowing—whether in the heaven above or in the earth beneath—what is it that can most allure your thought? What is it that can most quicken your life? What is it that can most inspire your very soul? My friends, you know I am not here to-day as a theological gladiator, to urge on a wrestling of two opposing theologies. Of course, I think that my theology is better than yours, or I would throw away mine and take yours. But I have not attempted to persuade you to my opinion. Only I must be honest to my own heart. You give me a large and generous liberty of speech; for I bear witness, in honor of your liberality, that while a heterodox Church receives now freely into its pulpit an Orthodox man, I scarcely know an Orthodox Church that would not bar its gates, even for a single Sunday, against a Unitarian minister; and because, in this place, I may so freely speak what I think, I make open confession to-day of that which is to me the greatest inspiration toward a higher life; of the hope which is the most comforting in the present, and the most alluring toward the future; of the single and central element which is the very life and heart and soul of my religion.

What is it? It is what the beggars see in Italy—and which, seeing, makes them rich—*The Transfiguration!* It is the blessed vision—more glowing than the world's most wondrous canvas!—of Christ, the son of God, transfigured to my soul!—Christ